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SPEAIGHT.

157, NEW BOND STREET, W.

MRS. HERBERT JESSEL AND HER CHILDREN.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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SYLVICULTURE AND LAND REFORM.

AT the opening of Parliament it is natural that many rumours of legislation should be floating about, and many political kites flown. When the Liberals are in power the question of agrarian legislation generally comes to the front more than when their opponents are in office. We trust, however, that these difficult questions will be approached in a practical rather than in a partisan spirit. Let us take the question of sylviculture first. As far as we can gather from their speeches, Mr. Keir Hardie and his followers look upon the afforestation of land merely as a means of finding work for the unemployed. Now this would be a disastrous course to follow. Planting trees is not only an expensive process in itself, but one that necessarily ties up the land for a long series of years. If not done wisely and well, it would result in a dead and continuous loss. Probably enough, Mr. Keir Hardie and some of the others would reply that the land they refer to is that which is now unproductive, and therefore no loss would be incurred. But even on this simple point there is abundant possibility of error. It is only the impractical theorist who believes that the desert can be made to blossom as the rose, or that all the waste places in Great Britain and Ireland can be made to produce profitable timber. Our criticism applies to men of quite another stamp to those we have referred to. In Scotland there is a group of influential politicians who are striving to induce the Government to lay out capital in planting. Sir Herbert Maxwell, in a speech delivered some weeks ago, stated their view of the case very clearly. And Mr. Munro Ferguson, at the end of an article which he contributes to the current number of the *Independent Review*, puts this in the very front of what he calls "the practical line of reform." What he says is that "the State should afforest on a regular

system all lands best suited to sylviculture." This is rather sweeping, and it may be right in the abstract; but we are afraid that it is impracticable. Sylviculture is a science not well understood in its financial bearings. It may be that Mr. Munro Ferguson possesses records of felling and planting on a large estate for a considerable series of years. At any rate, he needs that knowledge to give authority to his advice. But we doubt very much his ability to produce it. On very few estates indeed have regular accounts been kept, and on a large proportion of these the original aim of those who planted was not for profit, but picturesqueness and game preserving. It would obviously be false economy to plant trees on land unless on the assurance that trees formed the most remunerative crop. This is the question that must be answered about any land which it was proposed to plant with timber. We doubt much if experts would agree in withdrawing a single acre from agriculture as a business transaction.

There remains after that, however, the waste land, which, in the imagination of Mr. Keir Hardie, is to grow green with forest trees. But a careful survey of the ground would be necessary to determine the areas which could be suitably utilised for this kind of reclamation. The Labour members would soon undergo a disillusion if they were to stick young trees into any kind of ground and hopefully look forward to a useful result. One has but to possess a slight knowledge of the facts connected with memorial trees to know what a number of them die, presumably from careless planting. And it would be very strange indeed if the battalions of work-shy individuals were able to perform the operation of planting trees with the necessary care and skill. Moreover, it has yet to be shown that profitable timber can be cultivated even on waste lands. For these and other reasons proposals for increasing the extent of our woodlands must be carefully scanned. We do not wish to discourage them in the slightest, but, on the contrary, would welcome and support any well-considered plan. All that we mean to do at the moment is to point out the punishment likely to be incurred by hasty and reckless action.

It is worth while to note the other items in Mr. Munro Ferguson's programme, as he is not only a moderate and fair politician, but a landlord of considerable and not always agreeable experience. He thinks the Government should conduct large experiments in small farms, and, no doubt, this is a possible plan. The Government is itself a very large landowner, and Lord Carrington has intimated his intention of utilising such farms as fall vacant for the purpose of establishing small farms. This experiment, therefore, stands a very fair chance of being carried out. It would be still better if other public bodies would follow the example of the Government. Many colleges and other institutions own land from which they might possibly derive a larger rental if it were broken up into small holdings. Glebe lands might in many instances be utilised for the same purpose, and that could be done with the co-operation of the clergy, who during recent years have found glebe lands more of a responsibility than a treasure. Mr. Munro Ferguson thinks also that local authorities should have full power to purchase land for intensive cultivation (and, indeed, for any object of public utility), subject to such safeguards as the security of public finance requires. The point is a delicate one. On the one hand, local authorities have not shown themselves unreasonable in the exercise of such powers as they already possess; but, on the other hand, Englishmen have a proper and jealous regard for the sacredness of private property. Certainly good reason ought to be shown before any interference with it is permitted. The last suggestion made is that "private owners within their remaining sphere, stimulated by object-lessons and by liability to expropriation, should be left to effect the bulk of what is possible and practical in the direction of creating small holdings." We have often expressed the opinion that more is to be hoped from the voluntary action of the private owner than from State interference. Private action is almost certain to select as the scene of its operation land naturally suitable to the purpose of small holdings, and suitability is a *sine qua non* of success. Any general Government action, on the other hand, by including the unsuitable with the suitable, would almost inevitably lead to failure. There are things that cannot be done by Act of Parliament.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Herbert Jessel and her children. Mrs. Jessel is a daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir Julian Goldsmid, and her marriage to Captain Herbert Merton Jessel took place in 1894.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



NOTES

PARLIAMENT reassembled once more on Tuesday last, and the initial steps were taken in preparation for a session whose opening has been anticipated with more than the usual quantity of rumour. Not here can we touch upon the great controversial questions of the hour—the attack on the House of Lords or its defence, the proposed scheme of devolution for Ireland, the readjustment of the laws that regulate the drink traffic, and the other questions so freely discussed by our political contemporaries. But the opening of Parliament makes a distinct mark in social history. It calls up from the country many who during the past few months have had a much-needed opportunity of attending to their estates and country houses. It, for the time being, transfers the centre of interest from Arcady to London, and for some time to come the management of land must to a great extent rest on the shoulders of agents and bailiffs. They, too, will watch the action of Parliament with a vivid interest, as it is known that the Government now in power nourishes among its plans certain schemes that will directly affect their welfare.

The King's Speech, delivered by His Majesty in person at the opening of Parliament, resembled in its general characteristics many of those spoken on previous occasions of a similar nature. One of the remarkable features in it was that full acknowledgment was made of the splendid service of Sir Alexander Swettenham during the recent disaster at Jamaica. The question of the House of Lords was treated in a veiled and not undignified manner, as His Majesty only expressed a regret that a conflict should have arisen between the two Houses, and promised that the matter should receive the earliest consideration of the Government, which might mean anything or nothing. In regard to Ireland the plan of devolution was announced as an expression of the intention to invest the people of that country with a larger share of its administration. Efficiency qualified by economy was promised in regard to the Estimates for the Services. The prominent points in the legislative programme for the session are licensing, valuation of landed property in Scotland, and rating of land values in England and Wales. Fortunately or unfortunately, it is impossible to prophesy what subjects will most occupy the attention of our legislators during the coming session, but here, at all events, we have the intentions of the Party in power more or less explained.

The Registrar-General in his annual report has given theorists plenty of material on which to philosophise. His province is the dry and hard one of dealing exclusively with facts, and these are of a startling character. The year 1906 has earned several distinctions from the point of view of the Registrar-General. It shows a birth-rate lower than any previous one since the establishment of civil registration. So low, in fact, that England and Wales now show, with the single exception of France, the lowest birth-rate in Europe. Curiously enough, this is accompanied by a death-rate which is also the lowest on record. Thus it appears that the modern Englishman and Englishwoman bring forth fewer children into the world than did their forefathers, but that when once they are born much greater care is taken in preserving their lives. This state of things presents abundant opportunity for the student of sociology to dogmatise upon. But evidently there are two sides to the

question—one that shows the modern man and woman to be informed with a considerable amount of common-sense, and the other that they carry prudence to an extreme point.

On the other hand, the marriage-rate cannot be called unsatisfactory. It is lower than the average of the preceding ten years, but slightly above that of 1904, a fact which shows to what a large extent it is governed by prosperity and its reverse. The Registrar-General shows that the highest marriage-rate occurs in the mining and manufacturing districts, while the purely agricultural counties show the lowest. Very little change has been noted in the age at which people enter matrimony, that of the men being about twenty-eight and the mean age of the women twenty-six. There is only the difference of a decimal fraction between the mean age in 1905 and that in 1896. From the tables given at the end we gain much instruction. Of all the large European States, England, judged by her death-rate, would appear to be the most healthy to live in, being only excelled in this respect by such small States as Denmark and Norway. Out of Europe, however, they have a lower death-rate in Australasia.

In the March number of *Fry's Magazine*, Lord Meath gives some sound and much-needed advice in regard to national training. His idea approaches that of the Japanese. If there were to be a choice between British methods and those of Germany he would have no hesitation in preferring the British, as, "with all its faults, and it has many, it, to my mind, produces a better all-round man than the German." What he admires most in Japan is that the individual sinks his own interest in his desire to serve the State. Lord Meath considers that they lead simple lives, and their moral fibre has not yet been weakened, "as, I fear, the British to some extent has been by prosperity and luxury." This is all very well, and, no doubt, on the whole, Lord Meath is in the right, but a rumour says that in Japan some of the arts that once made Birmingham famous are not unknown.

A FAMINE OF BREAD.

They said "The food is fit for beasts—
Not fit a cultured race to feed";
They cried, "Let man desire this bread
No more, there is no longer need.
It may have served in barbarous times,
When man was brutish, rough and rude;
But now we leave such simple fare,
Distasteful, for celestial food."
They checked the growth of kindly grain,
And then there came a dearth of bread.
Men cried, "Ye take our staff away;
What can ye give us in its stead?"
The famine waxed upon the land,
With empty barn and barren plain.
They wailed, "We cannot live on air—
Restore to us our bread again!"
Easy to spoil and overthrow—
Not easy henceforth to provide.
Cursing the words that wrought their woe,
Hungered and wan, the people died.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

Sir John MacDonell's criminal statistics for 1905 form a very instructive document. He warns us against taking figures as an indication of the moral and social condition of a country, but used judiciously they are useful in helping to form an opinion. A principal feature of the return is that it shows a total decrease in the number of offences, but an increase in those of a more serious nature. It appears that we are becoming less violent, less ready to take the law into our own hands, since offences against the person have diminished in numbers, while offences against property have increased. There was more burglary, more house-breaking, more shop-breaking in 1905 than in 1904, and the growth of this kind of crime has gone on steadily for the last six years. It speaks volumes for the administration of the metropolis that the improvement in the moral condition is mostly confined to London, while the deterioration belongs to the provinces. Again, hardened offenders, for some reason not easily understood, are less numerous in London than in the provincial towns. In Lancashire 79 per cent. of the offenders had been originally convicted, but only 47 per cent. in London. It is very difficult to draw any general conclusion, but Sir John MacDonell is of opinion that drink is the principal cause of crime, and next to drink he places overcrowding.

Just after we went to press last week the death of Viscount Goschen was announced, so that we had not an opportunity of referring to his career in our last issue. Since then journalists in the daily and weekly Press have said nearly all that can be said of his brilliant and successful career. Finance was the point

in which he most excelled, yet it is noteworthy that his figure assumed massive proportions in the public eye during the controversy that followed the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. The idea of granting Home Rule excited in him that indignation which, according to a Latin poet, makes verses, though in this case he made oratory of what had previously been the language of only a hard-headed and keen debater. Lord Goschen never attained to the very first rank of statesmen, and perhaps lacked that final quality of leadership which is necessary to the greatest eminence, but he filled many important posts with ability and distinction. As a Commoner he refused the Viceroyalty of India, and but for his defective eyesight he would have been glad to become Speaker of the House of Commons. He changed sides in politics, and yet was entitled to claim that his political life was consistent throughout as though he were an immutable rock in a surging sea of political warfare.

Full of years and full of honour there has just passed away the father of the modern war correspondent. Before the time of Sir W. H. Russell the tidings of war were conveyed for the greater part in the despatches of the Commander-in-Chief. People who reported for newspapers contented themselves with a pure statement of fact, but Russell in Ireland had acquired the use of a descriptive pen, and it was this faculty which induced *The Times* to send him to the Crimea, the people of England then being under the belief that our military operations there would be only in the nature of a great review or grand procession. But whatever ideas Russell started with, he soon showed himself the possessor of an open mind and a frank and truthful nature, as he described with the veracity of a realistic novel and the sympathy of the philanthropist the troubles and privations which our troops were obliged to undergo during the hard winter of 1856. He thereby started a new era in journalism, and since his time the profession of war correspondent has become so important as to engage the very flower of journalism in every part of the world, so that a General is put to as much anxiety in regard to the Press men that follow him as in regard to the disposal of his troops. But Russell was not responsible for later developments. He dies with a fair fame behind him, and perhaps few would dispute his claim to the title of being the most distinguished journalist of the Victorian era.

It is probably by no means generally well known that frogs and toads are remarkable for the ingenuity they, as a group, display in making provision for their eggs and young. A fresh instance has lately occurred with a small species of frog new to science, which has just been received by the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, from Dr. Goeldi, the director of the Pará Museum. Greenish yellow in colour, banded with blackish brown, it has a striking appearance, but in the matter of its breeding habits it is still more singular. Dwelling in the virgin forest, at the tops of the highest trees, it chooses as the site of its nursery some hollow stump, and then proceeds to line it with resin procured from trees in the neighbourhood. This lining serves to catch and hold the rain-water with which it quickly becomes filled. So soon as this takes place the eggs are laid therein, and here they undergo development into tadpoles. How the resin is collected is a mystery, nor is it yet known how the separate pieces become welded to form the water-tight basin necessary to ensure the safety of the treasures deposited therein.

At the last meeting of the Zoological Society Professor Ray Lankester gave the Fellows the results of his latest studies on the okapi and the relationship of the horns of this rare animal to those of the giraffe, its nearest living ally. Unlike all other ungulates, the horns of the giraffe make their appearance at quite an early period of foetal life, so that at birth the lateral horns, at any rate, are well developed. These horns, he pointed out, are seated upon the parietal bone, and not, as in the okapi and all other ungulates, on the frontal, and must be regarded not as frontal horns which have shifted backwards on to the parietal, but as independently developed structures. The horns of the okapi are surmounted by polished tips, which show traces of segmentation. From the appearance of these tips it seems probable that they are periodically shed, thus indicating that they may represent degenerate antlers, such as those of the deer. Professor Lankester illustrated his remarks by lantern slides as well as by a series of skulls. Of these last two were okapi skulls recently obtained, the one by Major Powell Cotton, the other by Captain Boyd Alexander, who has just returned from a most eventful expedition to Africa.

The public will be glad to hear of the new Antarctic expedition which is to set out in the autumn. It will be under the command of Lieutenant Shackleton, who was one of the two men who accompanied Captain Scott when he attained to the farthest point South in the famous Discovery voyage. The

novelty about this expedition is that the outfit will contain a motor-car among other things. It will be very interesting to know if the new driving force is capable of being utilised in place of dogs, which previously have drawn the sledges. Should there be any packs of wolves in the vicinity we may confidently assume that they will be surprised. The programme includes attempts to reach the South Pole, the South Magnetic Pole, and the high mountains which Lieutenant Shackleton saw when he was with Captain Scott.

The Dogs Act, 1906, proves in practice to be in some respects unsatisfactory. At Chertsey, last week, the magistrates had before them eighty-eight claims by eighty-eight persons for exemptions from the payment of dog licences, a number which one justice thought excessive in a district which is as much residential as agricultural. It was pointed out, however, that objections had to be made in writing, and as no objections had been lodged, it was not the magistrates' duty to interpose. The Supervisor for Inland Revenue in the district agreed with the magistrates that this was a weakness in the Act, but, as he had no instructions from Somerset House, he could do nothing, and the Chief Constable had given no authority to the police superintendent who had enquired into the applications to make objections. It appears that it is nobody's business to take notice of exemptions, though, when the power of granting them was authorised by the Board of Inland Revenue, it was probably imagined that the justices would be able to enquire more fully into the cases than the officers of the Excise. If this is the intention of the Act, the formality of making the objection in writing, when the magistrate is on the bench, does not appear to be necessary.

"ET EGO IN ARCADIA."

I too have walked among the thornless roses
Love's hand once scattered, lest the way grow weary;
I too have heard the far-off magic music
Heaven-born at noonday.
Pan's pipes are hushed: the glad god plays no longer;
Love's hands are empty now, his footsteps falter;
Arcady's pleasant places lie in ruins—
Long since, I dwelt there!

ANGELA GORDON.

The Cyclists' Touring Club are taking an appeal to the High Court which may have a far-reaching effect on the poultry industry among the cottagers of certain southern counties. In these it is the custom to use the ditches and grass along the roads as runs for fowls and their broods, the coops being planted out for some distance from the owner's abode. Now a fowl is a stupid creature; it finds something travelling up behind it, and after fluttering along in a frenzied manner for ten yards invariably tries to escape by crossing, with the result that it often gets wound up in the spokes or mudguard, and the rider comes a cropper. Judge Bray held the other day that in such a case the owner of the fowl is not responsible for the damage done, and it is against this decision that the appeal is being made. Sorry as we should be to see the cottager deprived of a privilege which enables him to add greatly to his income, we find it hard to see how the fowl's presence on the road is to be justified. Dozens of cases come up every year where owners of stock are summoned by the police for letting them stray unattended, and the only right the public have to a road is that of passing along it. Possibly it may occur to someone to suggest that this particular fowl was paying an afternoon call on another further along, and so was using the road according to law. It would be a nice point.

The first stage of the chess match for the championship of the world is now completed, six games having been played at New York. An interval of a week or ten days will now be taken, and then the match resumed at some other place. The progress of the contest so far as it has gone agrees with our prognostications. Dr. Lasker began by winning the first three games very brilliantly, and the second three were drawn. Of the three drawn games one was what may be termed a fair draw—there was no advantage on either side; but in each of the other two the champion had to fight for his life, and only escaped defeat by the most cautious and careful play. Marshall is nothing if not an attacking player, and, although his brilliancy has on every occasion in this match been foiled by the steadiness of his opponent, it will add greatly to his fame. Nor, indeed, does the match look so safe for Dr. Lasker as it did at the beginning. Chess is a very curious game, and in the historic contests that have taken place in the past, it has not infrequently happened that the fortunes of the players were reversed before the conclusion of the match. It would be rash to prophesy that this will be the case now, because, in the opinion of the most competent judges, Marshall is scarcely strong enough to encounter Dr. Lasker successfully, but his excellent play in the latter games brings it quite within the range of possibility.

It is to be supposed that the clauses of the Land Tenure Act which provide for the tenant's claim for compensation for damage done by game were inserted in the first instance for the benefit of the tenant. Unfortunately in very many cases they are found to have a practical effect very much in the contrary direction. The clauses are thought to place the landlords so completely at the tenants' mercy that the former are beginning to be absolutely afraid of keeping their tenants on estates where a head of game is maintained, with a contingency of having to pay a formidable compensation; and by a cruel irony the practical outcome of the measure designed for the tenant farmers' behoof is that numbers of them are being given notice to quit, the owners of the land preferring to take it into their own hands rather than run the risk of having to pay excessive compensation. In many cases these are excellent tenants, with whom the landlord is very unwilling to part, so that the hardship is not wholly, though, of course, it is mainly, felt by the tenant. The tenant would gladly enter into a covenant binding himself to refrain from exacting the final ounce of compensation to which he may be entitled under the Act, but the Act, with an ingenuity of foresight which is remarkable, has taken the trouble to make illegal such a "contracting out" of its provisions.

After all, however, it may be questioned whether landlords are not being frightened by an illusory danger. In the Bill as originally drafted, the proposal that the tenant should be allowed to indemnify himself by shooting game until he had killed what he supposed to be the equivalent for the loss it had occasioned, was

sufficiently grotesque; but in the amended form in which it passed into law, providing that the Board of Agriculture shall assess the damage in the event of landlord and tenant being unable to come to an agreement, it does not seem necessary to assume that the former will suffer great injustice. The position of the shooting tenant really seems the least satisfactory of all.

Among the many signs that the Briton is losing much of his insular prejudice and habits, the decided improvement during the last ten years in the dancing of the young Briton of either sex may be noted. This must be taken to apply to waltzing almost entirely, for any other dance seems scarcely to be tolerated. The "two-step" is hardly to be distinguished as belonging to a different category. Some years ago good dancing in London was almost the sure mark of a foreigner, or at least of a diplomatist, of whom other strictly British young men cherished a certain suspicion, because he had been much abroad and spoke languages other than English; but now the dancing in a London ballroom is almost as good as in the Continental capitals. It has, of course, assimilated itself much more to the Continental manner of waltzing by the adoption of "reversing." The history of "reversing" in the waltz in England is curious. Twenty years ago or more an effort was made to introduce it, but it penetrated no further than suburbia. Among the more exclusive it was put under the ban of being "bad form," probably because certain of the "gilded youth" would not be at the trouble of learning, but now the "gilded youth" is foremost in practising it.

THE FOXHOUND AT WORK.



H. Barrett.

THE BLANKNEY ON A HOT SCENT.

Copyright

IF Mr. Jorrocks could have seen the photographs with which this article is illustrated he would have felt that his desire to be a "h'eagle," so that he might hover over his hounds and see how each hound did its work, had been partly fulfilled. Here we can follow a run with foxhounds in a manner seldom granted to the keenest of us, unless, indeed, we are huntsmen or Masters of Hounds. Even these men, whose chief interest and duty are bound up in the working of the hounds, have their attentions divided by the necessities of steering a horse over a country. But we have now no distractions, and can study the progress of a pack of hounds over a country at leisure. We are not concerned here with the fox or the scent. The central point of interest is the pack of hounds, which is, when we come to think of it, as interesting to the student of natural history or of animal

psychology as to the sportsman. A pack of hounds in the field is the meeting point of the wild and tame, of domestication



H. Barrett.

CHEERING THEM INTO COVERT

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H. Barrett.

EAGER TO BE AT HIM.

Copyright

and savagery, of the trained intelligence and the natural instinct. The first thing that strikes us when watching hounds is the unity of purpose and the diversity of character displayed. Hounds vary in intelligence, in industry, in truthfulness, in perseverance, as much as do their masters. They are, in the chase, bound together by a single purpose, so that each dog uses his intelligence

to attain the common end. We find this in different degrees in different packs. The pack which, like the Blankney in our first illustration (Lord Charles Bentinck's), has for a long time been bred in the same kennels, and whose ancestors have hunted together, will show a great deal more unity in work than a pack made up of drafts from different kennels. A pack which is composed more or less of hounds related by blood

will work together better and show more dependence on each other than a pack brought together by chance. Again, a pack of drafts will be more or less efficient as they are able to find a bond of union in the assistance of their huntsman. They cannot be left alone so long or with such confidence as a well-established pack. The second picture shows us a well-known Master and huntsman putting his hounds into covert. And in the next, note

the life, the eagerness of the hounds as they are released from restraint by the well-known cheer. I would venture to say that they think there is a fox in that covert and that it is a scenting day. Now take the fourth photograph. Hounds here have found a fox and are forcing him through the covert. They are all driving, but note the tremendous resolution with which that

leading hound hurls himself on the scent. The others trust him, and are straining to share the ecstasy of the line. All are throwing their tongues, and we can almost hear the rise and fall of the music of the pack. So they stream away until, perhaps, the leading hounds overrun the line; the middle body of hounds has it still, however, and carry it to the left, while the impetuous ones swing back to them. In the next



H. Barrett.

SCREAMING ON THE LINE.

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hounds have checked at a road. Very likely the body of the pack has flushed over into the field to the right, but the fox has perhaps gone up the road. The hound with his nose down thinks so. He is a noted road hunter, and the one in the middle knows it—see how he watches his comrade. The dog with the raised paw is possibly wondering whether the fox ever came into the road at all, and the others are pulling up waiting for a hint from the leader. Let but that rigid stern be



H. Barrett.

THE CHECK ON THE ROAD.

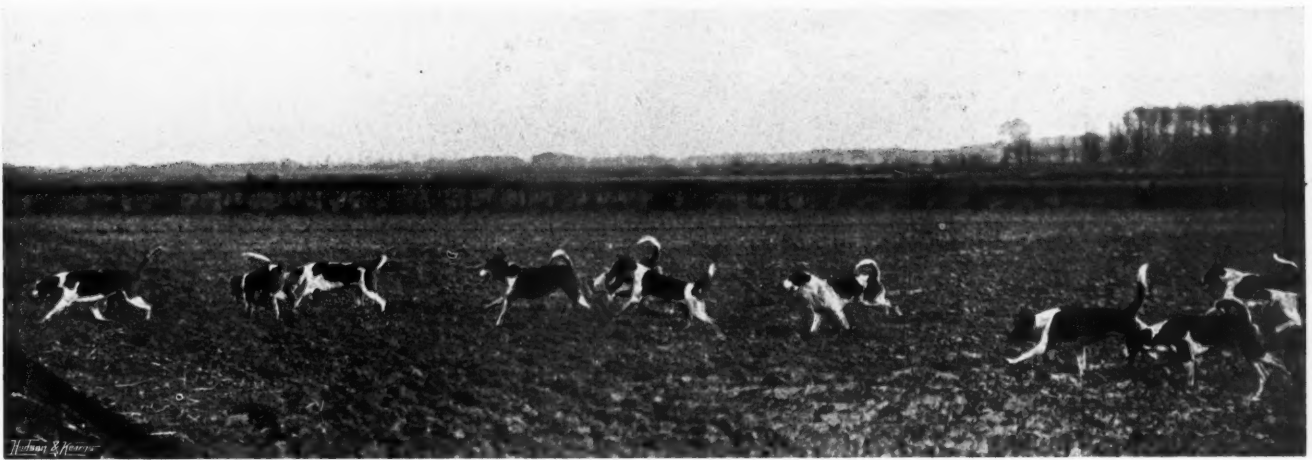
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waved ever so little, if the least muffled whimper, as of a dog in a dream, is heard, they will fly to him and help him to work out the puzzle. But the line is recovered; in the seventh picture they are working it out over a plough. The fox has gained at the road, and is some way in front and on the plough; a whiff here and a snatch there is all those hounds catch, though one and all are doing their best, and they keep on working forward. Note the group in the middle of this picture. They have touched a faint line, speak to it, and dash forward to pick it up further on. Thus they are ever working onwards, always drawing nearer to the fox, for in most cases when the cry ceases or becomes intermittent foxes ease down their speed. The fox that goes on and on, never stopping, gives the great runs, but he more often than not escapes. The fox that hesitates is lost, and in the above picture



DRIVING INTO COVERT.

insight into the real working of the foxhound. Here he has to wait, as it were, while we meditate and analyse his actions, at



H. Barrett.

OVER THE PLOUGH

Copyright.

we see the confident dash of hounds as they drive into the covert where in fancied security the fox is waiting and stiffening. The more we study these photographs the more we shall obtain an

which, as he passes us in a flash in the real hunt, we can only guess.

But I think these studies will give the key to the working of a pack, and may suggest to us just those lines of observation and interest which give a new life to our pleasure in the chase. We shall find that we do not love riding less, but hound work more. This study of hounds will make us better sportsmen, for we shall see on how slender a thread hangs the progress of the hunt at times, and learn to give hounds room and to keep quiet. The very keenness of a hound's senses, the stretch of his intelligence in the chase, and the strain of his nervous system make him easily distracted. The majority of a pack of hounds are, like many of us, only too glad to be relieved of the stress of close attention. Look with what obvious joy and relief hounds go to a bolloa or scurry away on the line of a fresh fox. The bolloa is a false one; they are stopped from the fresh fox and brought back; but what a change has come over them: how languid their movements; how perfunctory their efforts;



SCENT GRADUALLY FAILS.

clearly they have lost interest in the chase. "That'll do, Jim," says the Master; "we'll go and find another in the gorse." Here and there a Master and a huntsman with a few faithful old hounds will work on till the hunt revives, but in many

modern kennels these old hounds would be under the turf long ago as too slow. "Nothing over four seasons in my pack; no towlers here," says the Master, proudly. Well, if so, it is better to look for a fresh fox, for you will never kill the other. X.

BUTTER-MAKING.

THE recent reports of analyses of butter samples by Mr. Lloyd published in COUNTRY LIFE may justify a short article dealing with the main points connected with the production of butter, and the principal "faults" that workers are guilty of at times. Absolute cleanliness cannot be too strongly insisted upon, both in cowsheds and dairies, and the supply of water should be abundant and as pure as possible. Milk for butter-making should not be refrigerated, but brought into the dairy and well strained into its receptacles. Mechanical skimming, by means of a separator, is frequently employed in preference to the older method of "creamers" or of shallow pans. In a small dairy, unless space is a consideration, it is doubtful if there is much saving in the use of separators. They are of advantage, certainly, where workers like to churn the cream "sweet," that is, with no previous development of acid resulting; the butter is of a delicate creamy flavour, but insipid to many tastes, and of no great keeping qualities. As, moreover, cream in a sweet state does not yield up its butter-fat very readily—its "churnability" is less than that of ripened cream—it entails unnecessary loss in the butter-milk. With shallow pans the cream acquires a certain amount of ripeness before it is skimmed and becomes aerated, and so to a certain extent free of cowshed odours. Workers having exhibition prizes in view will find that cream raised in twelve hours on shallow pans, and subsequently ripened a little, will give fine-flavoured butter of good colour and texture, other conditions being satisfactory. "Ripened" cream, as opposed to sweet cream, is cream in which bacterial growth has brought about a development of acidity, giving a sharp acid taste and

smell, and causing a thickening in consistency, due to the curdling of the casein or cheesy part; the casein at the same time is partially peptonised, and this state of increased solubility gives greater freedom to the fat globules, and so explains in a measure why ripened cream takes less time to churn than sweet cream under similar conditions.

A "starter," as it is termed in the dairy, may be butter-milk from a previous churning, milk soured naturally, or a specially-grown starter of pure lactic acid organisms in sterilised milk, and, needless to say, this last is the best when procurable, and many dairy firms sell "pure culture" starters for the use of butter-makers. A little of this is put into the cream some time before churning to promote the "ripening"—that is, the development of lactic acid—without taint. Cream should never be gathered more than three days before churning, and is best kept in a glazed

earthen crock, covered lightly, and away from the sunlight and from direct draughts. Regular stirring and mixing is necessary, especially when adding fresh cream to the bulk; but no fresh cream should be added to the ripened cream for twelve hours previous to churning, and, if possible, the cream should then be brought within a degree or two of the intended churning temperature. By so doing, the whole bulk, fat globules as well as the serum, has time to respond to the treatment, and the resultant churning is more satisfactory than can be the case when the cream is treated, as it too often is, to a rapid heating by plunging the crock into hot water and stirring vigorously. In the latter case, oily masses of fat soon float on the surface, and the worker is fortunate if she does not churn into irregular "lumps" smeary on the surface and streaky when made up.

The temperature at which the cream is churned is a matter of great importance, and depends much on the temperature of



SUNSHINE IS AS GOOD AS FOOD.



A. Hyder.

IN A DEVONSHIRE DAIRY.

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the air, but also on the kind of food the cows receive. If the air has a high temperature the cream must be low, and *vice versa*, the two scales meeting at about 58deg. Fahr. Again, cream from cows on fresh pasture may be churned at 56deg., while at the other end of the scale we have 70deg. required for the cream derived from animals fed on cotton-cake. The skilled butter-maker must therefore use her judgment in adopting a cream temperature to suit the weather and the food of the cows. The principle of churning is to attain the maximum amount of concussion with the minimum of friction, and with this in mind the worker must avoid a very common mistake, that of filling the churn too full. Churn-makers usually state the working capacity of their churns, and it is generally found that a churn one-third full allows sufficient "plunge" to bring the butter quickly, well grained and of a bright colour, and is a distinct saving of time. The first few revolutions of the churn require to be slow but regular, with frequent "ventilations" for the first few minutes, longer in the case of sweet cream. Fast churning merely swings the cream and produces soft, oily butter. Slow churning is a waste of time, and gets pale "overworked-looking" butter; but practice will enable the worker to regulate her speed to suit the churn and the cream. After a period of churning the butter "breaks"; the fat globules gather, resembling in consistency rough oatmeal, with a film of butter-milk round each. At this point the worker adds "breaking-water," from a pint to a quart per gallon of cream at a temperature not less than 8deg. to 10deg. below churning temperature. The addition of this water in two or three lots, as the churning proceeds, brings the "grains" more rounded, even and freer from the milky covering, and by the liberal addition of breaking-water, the great fault of workers is to some extent overcome—that is, the butter is not likely to be "over-washed" later on. Well-grained butter, when the butter-milk is finally drawn, requires only one washing-water, used more as a rinse, with not much actual churning, to free the grains from dregs of the butter-milk.

A worker who can show a good grained butter in the butter-milk has grasped the principles of good working. Under-churned butter—when the butter-milk is withdrawn while the grains are too small—is often over-washed and over-worked in an

than brined butter, but it is rather that the water is not so well incorporated in many cases; its colour as a rule has a deeper tint. In brining, a coarse salt can be used, 2lb. to the gallon of water at a temperature of 8deg. to 10deg. below the original churning temperature; the "grains" are left in this brine for 10min. to 30min., thus ensuring a hardening of the granules, which aids in the texture of the finished butter. A "warm"



THE TRUE BUTTER-MAKERS.

brine causes the butter to become water-logged, as it were, and over-salted, whereas too cold a brine chills the butter and has a tendency to destroy the colour, and frequently not enough salt is retained to aid the flavour and preservation. Good grained butter, when removed to the "worker," does not require much manual work to get rid of the water. If it is allowed to lie piled for a little time, it will drain fairly dry, and subsequent working will be given, with the object of consolidating the grains to form firm flawless blocks or rolls when made up. Too much working at this stage does not get rid of much water, but merely bruises the butter, spoiling the grain and making it greasy and smeary throughout. The storing of butter is usually done in refrigerators or in the coldest place available, but not in any place known to be damp, or the butter suffers, and is likely to become mouldy and rancid. It may be noted that butter is at its finest as regards colour and flavour from one to three days after churning; after that time a slow but certain decomposition sets in, which results ultimately in spoiling and rendering unfit for food the finest butter ever made.

A. F. McC.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THERE is a melancholy pleasure in reading the posthumous work of a dead colleague and friend. It seems but yesterday that Mr. C. J. Cornish might be expected to pop into this office at any moment, and we remember how ready he was to give counsel when asked, how full of ideas and suggestions. But *Animal Artisans* (Longmans), highly calculated as it is to recall our delight in a skilled craftsman, carries also with it a stern reminder that the industrious hand is stilled for ever and the

teeming mind at rest. The book is a collection of papers, most of which appeared either in our pages or in those of the *Spectator*, and Mrs. Cornish has written for it a brief preparatory memoir that is as good as anything of the kind we have ever seen in print. It is brief and dignified, written with an under-current of sadness and regret, yet with none of the wild praise and lachrymose sentiment into which writers often fall when dealing



GUERNSEYS AT PASTURE.

attempt to gather it together, and is pale in colour and deficient in flavour when made up. Over-churned butter gathers into irregular lumps, greasy-looking and streaky, which cannot be washed free from the butter-milk, and so enclose too great an amount of casein, tending to lessen its keeping qualities.

Opinions differ with regard to the merits of dry-salting *versus* brining. Dry-salted butter appears to hold more water

with those who have been dear and with whom they have been intimate. Mrs. Cornish, without crowding in the detail at her disposal, has selected from her husband's life a few pregnant incidents that give life and vividness to the narrative. There is enough to know Charles Cornish by, but the reader at the end finds himself in the mood of longing for more. Not an unnecessary word has been written. As a writer Mr. Cornish had a short career. He was only forty-eight at the time of his death, and he was late in starting, his first work being done for the *St. James's Gazette* some time after its establishment by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who discovered Cornish, just as previous to that he had discovered Richard Jefferies and James Barrie. It was not till 1890 that he became a regular contributor to the *Spectator*, and, later still, *COUNTRY LIFE* had the good fortune to enlist his services. He became our shooting editor only a year or two before his death, and, finding the post to his liking, flung himself into the work with characteristic energy and enthusiasm. But the preparation for his life's task had begun in childhood. He was born in the country—at Salcombe House, Devonshire—of a family remarkable for scholarship and love of natural history. When very young

he was introduced to more prosaic forms of sport, and he always loved to remember his earliest "first of September." That took place at his grandfather's home in Devonshire, when he was still such a little boy that he and his brother James both rode up the steep red hillsides together on one pony, and later on in the day, when walking with the guns, they were each given a hare to carry to stop them from talking so much; and a very effectual remedy they found it.

At fourteen he was sent to Charterhouse School, then just removed to Godalming. Here he collected natural history specimens and fostered his love of sport.

The thickets on the slope below the school buildings held at that time plenty of rabbits as well as nightingales, and these coverts afforded opportunities, too good to be neglected, for more or less surreptitious ferreting, the chief drawback to which was that the ferrets would never learn to recognise the school bell as a signal to come to the surface, and so were rather apt to get lost. Pistol-shooting was another unrecognised joy sometimes indulged in with quite as much zest as the legitimate practice of the school rifle corps of which he was one of the earliest members. He won a place in the first team which Charterhouse sent to Wimbledon to compete for the Ashburton Shield, a team which also included the future General Baden-Powell.

After leaving school circumstances rendered it necessary that he should earn his own livelihood for a while, and during the next four years and a-half he was engaged as a tutor in Yorkshire. Subsequently he was able to carry out his ambition to go to the University, and

his life at Oxford was a very happy one. He had successfully accomplished the first task which he had set himself to carry out, and this in itself was a source of considerable satisfaction to him. Although most of his old school friends had left Oxford before he went up, he found many other congenial companions. Readers of his articles in *COUNTRY LIFE* on old houses, mills, bridges and old architecture generally, will readily understand how keenly he enjoyed the architectural beauty and historic associations of the University

and its buildings, while the treasures of the Bodleian and the peaceful loveliness of the river scenery appealed with equal force to his keenly appreciative nature.

It was during the twenty years in which he held the post of Assistant Classical Master at St. Paul's that he won name and fame as a writer. But for the breakdown in his health a still more brilliant career might have been his. However, that was not to be. An unfortunate shooting accident sowed the seeds of disease. A lengthened illness was followed by an attack of acute pericarditis, and on January 30th "he fell asleep so peacefully that those around him scarcely knew when he had passed away."

When we pass from these brief annals to the book before us it is only to give unlimited praise. It offers a wonderful illustration of the extent and variety of the interests of Mr. Cornish. Scarcely anything in the animal world was allowed to pass his notice. In one chapter we have a disquisition on wild swans and cygnets, and in another a description of that very curious institution, the National Mouse Club. Very few people outside the "Fancy" are aware of the fact that a prize-winning mouse has a considerable money value. Mr. Cornish mentions one that was priced at £20, which seems an extraordinary figure for a tiny animal whose span of life is at the best a very short one. Another chapter which illustrates well the enquiring character of the author's mind is that of the fauna on the railroad. Many wild animals have come to understand that the luncheon and dining car is an institution. As far as they are concerned it means that quantities of esculent scraps are thrown out on the line. It was noticed in our columns some little time ago that after the Great Central Railway started dining-cars on their line it became quite common to find dead rats in the morning. Apparently rodents assembled in considerable numbers to feed on the refuse thrown out of the train, and some of them were not sufficiently agile to escape from the passing express. Mr. Cornish mentions a similar instance on the Canadian Pacific Line:

In the grey, cold dawn the hungry coyotes, their tails tucked between their shaking legs, may be seen standing in the snow, with their short ears pricked up like an anxious terrier's, waiting to see what the morning's "clear-up" of the cars will cause to be thrown out of the windows for deserving prairie dwellers. Sometimes a great grey wolf, the very personification of cold and famine, is viewed sitting by a sage bush, in the drift of snow powder lifted before the icy morning wind, his long sharp nose uplifted in line with his spine, the cutting blast ruffling up the fur on his back, waiting for the sun to rise and warm him, and for the train to pass and leave him a beef-bone to take the edge of hunger off. Something of the same kind happens along the Siberian Railway, where the steppe jackals and foxes are always more numerous round the stations and about the sleeping sidings than elsewhere, and in India the jackals regularly visit the line on the way home from their nightly prowls.

We are very much tempted to linger over these very fascinating pages, but there is no occasion to dwell on the merits of Mr. Cornish to the readers of *COUNTRY LIFE*, since for so many years they were in the habit of reading what he had to say in our columns. Up to the time of his death there were very few numbers that came out without something from his pen.

AT SANTA FILOMINA.

WISE men say that the gods are dead; but I, who have heard in a far-off pine wood of Italy the music of Pan's pipes at noonday, know better than these. Spring and the new year come hand in hand to Santa Filomina, dreaming through unnumbered days beside the tideless middle sea; and summer there is loth to say good-bye until the old year dies; for in the beginning it was ordained that in the little gardens of this pleasant place there should be always roses. Between the hills and the sea she lies, a jewel in safe keeping. A row of tall houses girdles the tiny bay, with only a yard-wide pathway between dwelling and sapphire sea, where red-sailed fishing-boats rock drowsily to and fro. Behind is the sunny piazza, whose cobble-stones have been fringed with grass-blades ever since Santa Filomina went to sleep, as they say, about 500 years ago. Red and white camellias in big wooden tubs guard the open doorways, and women like Raphael's madonnas sit all day on the threshold and make lace with deft brown fingers that seem scarcely to touch the swiftly leaping bobbins. The lace women laugh and chatter over their work, but their voices are soft and low, and their laughter makes the smallest of sounds—a sound less than the tinkle of the ripples against the little quay, where bright brown nets are drying in the sun. All the pale tints of the painted houses, pink and ochre and grey, are blent with the green of their shutters, dimmed now by age and the sea's softening breath, into an unforgettable symphony of delicate colour.

Wide steps of small bricks, set in a careful pattern, lead up from the piazza to Santa Filomina's church. The sunshine of Italy has glorified its ugliness, so that one's eyes rest upon it gladly as upon a thing of singular charm. Long ago pious hands adorned the space over the great doors with a gay Coronation of the Virgin, which Time has mercifully dulled to

the beauty of holiness. High up in the slim, pink-washed campanile gleams the lip of the big bronze bell, which speaks on Sundays and festas in a tone strangely hushed, as though it feared to disturb that small company asleep in the campo santo, where Love has planted a myriad roses to laugh at Death. In front of the church, taller even than the tall bell-tower, like a guardian angel for ever vigilant, stands a solitary palm tree, whose age no man knows. Behind, all the steep hillside is carved into narrow terraces for the sober-hued olives, while dark lines of cypresses, pointing skyward like spires, mark the boundary between one man's land and his neighbour's.

So lies Santa Filomina between the high hills and the sea, and the benediction of silence rests upon her more softly than any caress. Here I came once in the morning of the year, when windflowers made a snowy border to the steep salita which leads up through the olive orchards to the pine woods beyond. Violets, too, there were, for the soft Southern air was sweet with the scent of them; and I gathered a great handful of long-stemmed primroses before I reached the wayside shrine where a faded madonna looks mournfully seawards through a gap in the lace-work of grey olives. An old woman knelt bareheaded on the much-trodden stones, praying to Our Lady for I knew not what desirable thing. And because the path was narrow and I sought not to interrupt her petition, I stood still at a little distance and waited. But she, turning, saw me, and thereat rose swiftly with the kindest of smiles: "Ma venga pure, Signorina! La dolce Madre di Dio non ha fretta oggi."

So I thanked her for her gracious courtesy and went my way, upwards and ever upwards, till the olives ended and the breath of the pines came upon me. Then when I was weary of much climbing, I turned aside into the wood and sat down upon a newly-hewn pine-log, and watched how the shafts of sunlight smote through the dark branches like swords. It was so still that

one could almost hear the echo of one's thoughts. There was no sound save the tiny rustle of the wind making a little friendly fuss in the tops of the tallest pines, or the rare thud of a pine cone falling on to the carpet of brown needles. No note of bird music gave me greeting. Alas! there are left no singing birds at Santa Filomina to bid the spring welcome. Presently I grew aware of another human presence. A tall young man, straight and fair as Apollo, came striding along the salita, very light of foot. He bore an axe over his shoulder, and as he went he sang to himself most joyously. The words of his song came to me clearly, and they were of dawn and the stars and the eyes of Margherita.

"Buon giorno!" I said, when he drew near to my pine log.

"Saluti, Signorina!" he cried in return, and stood still before me, lowering his axe with a gesture of infinite grace, and looked at me with an air of good-humoured interest. If the dear Mother of God down below there on the hillside was in no hurry to-day, why should he be? "The Signorina has perhaps much

faith in her heart and a love of all beautiful things?" he asked, nowise embarrassed.

"Surely," I said. "And if so?"

"Let the Signorina listen!" he replied, briefly.

Then I listened even as he bade me. And at first there was no sound save the whispering of the wind in the pines; but soon I discerned a faint far-off music, more delicate than the melody that bluebells make when breezes stir them in April. Nearer it came, and nearer; and the singing together of the morning stars is not more sweet than that music. The breath of the sea and the smile of the earth were in it, and the strong caresses of great winds, and the joy that is abroad on a sun-kissed hilltop very early in the morning.

"Who makes this music?" I asked the young man, greatly wondering.

"It is the goat-footed god," he told me.

Now it was high noon at Santa Filomina, in the morning of the year, when this thing truly happened. ANGELA GORDON.

CURIOUS CHESSMEN.—II.

MOST of the chessmen in the British Museum were found in the Island of Lewis, and careful observation of the modes of hair-dressing and other details gives those learned in chess-lore reason to relegate them to a period seven centuries ago. They were found buried in the sand on the seashore, and were probably the wares of some Icelandic merchant who was wrecked while trading with Ireland and the Western Islands of Scotland. The ships used by these men were light and would not stand heavy storms. The pieces are carved from walrus tusk and present many interesting specimens. The kings are distinctly amusing; some of them sit with their chins on their hands in a mournful way suggestive of toothache, while others, with their swords across their knees, seem to breathe death and defiance to all the world. A striking figure of a queen is among this group; she wears at the back a species of hood of a kind worn by ladies of rank in the Middle Ages; her sleeves have a worked border, and there is a series of plaits from the elbow to the wrist. In her hand she holds a horn. A drinking-horn? Well, it may be so; but, for the sake of gallantry, it may be assumed that this horn was one of the kind used for storing gold in, and that the Queen, as wise wives do, controlled the purse. A case in point is on record of a Scandinavian Queen who, wishing to propitiate her son the King, gave him a horn filled with gold. The Scandinavians thought a great deal of chess, and no doubt had plenty of time in which to play it. Certain it is that chess counted as a qualification when a man was wooing, and ranked along with shooting with bow and arrow, wrestling, ski-ing, climbing icebergs and other manly exercises.

The whole of this Lewis-Madden collection is made of carved walrus tusk, and the pieces are large and carefully designed. The bishops, some of whom are seated with their crosiers in

their hands, are arrayed in dalmatics, chasubles and stoles, and wear mitres somewhat shorter than the modern ones. The crosses on the backs of the chasubles differ in form; this may have been a means of distinguishing those of opposite parties. One or two are mounted in most luxurious style; accoutred in fine garb, with stately cloak, they sit on fine specimens of horseflesh, richly caparisoned. Beside them the knights seem quite insignificant beings, and yet these have a solidity



Kings.

Bishops.

CARVED FROM WALRUS TUSK.

and doggedness that plainly smacks of the Middle Ages. Covered with a steel cap, pointed and furnished with nasal piece, they ride sturdy and formidable steeds; the latter are sometimes caparisoned, and the saddles, stirrups and bridles bear witness to patient toil and laudable skill. The hair of the riders differs in quantity and treatment; in most cases it is long at the back, and in some there is beard and moustache, giving a

vigorous touch to the face. In other specimens the knights are clean shaven, and their staring eyes and enormous chins give them a mien threatening and relentless. The warders (rooks) are on foot, and usually wear long cloaks that reach to the ground; they are distinguished by the device on the shield from the warders of the enemy; some of them are biting the tops of their shields, and this is a most decided proof that they are of Norwegian or Icelandic workmanship, as they are designed to represent the Scandinavian Berserker, which means "bare-shirted." These Berserkers went into combat clad only in a linen tunic and were unarmed, though they were allowed a shield; they often went mad on the eve of battle, and used to bite the tops of their shields; when the battle began



Headless King (German).

Bishop.

Knight.

FROM THE LEWIS-MADDEN COLLECTION.

they rushed forward in an overbearing frenzy and achieved most extraordinary feats against the enemy. The chessmen differ slightly from the real and the ideal of the Berserker in that they are armed; but that is natural, if we reflect that these men were intended for sale outside Berserkerland, and that the other pieces of the set were armed. The warders in the British Museum have a helm with no nasal, and wear coats of mail. A curious specimen of rook, or castle, or warder, as it is variously called, is in the same case; it is probably of Arabic origin, and is intended to suggest the two humps of the Bactrian camel. In Mahomedan countries no image of man or animal was allowed, so chessmen in these parts were very simple. William Rookwood had on his seal six of these bifront rooks. The piece is simply a small base developing into bifront form, the whole not being more than one inch high. To return to Scandinavia, a quaint old riddle is well worth citing. In the Herverar saga, Odin, under the form of Gest the Blind, asks King Heidrek three riddles referring to chess, of which the last is:

What is that animal,
Which slay's man's cattle,
And is with iron
All about clad;
Sides it has eight,
But no head,
And many run after it?
O King Heidrek,
Attend to the riddle.

Our pawns are round, but the Icelandic and Norwegian pawns were eight-sided; those in the Lewis-Madden collection are like thick tombstones with several bevels, so that the word "eight-sided" applies with accuracy, and the walrus tusk was so treated as to represent armour.

It is interesting to note that among other historical persons Harold Hardraad was presented with a set of walrus tusk men and a board. King Canute was very fond of the game, and a story is told of how he was playing one day with Earl Ulf, his wife's brother, who won the King's knight by a dexterous bit of play; His Majesty, however, forced the Earl to retract and replace the piece. The Earl eventually lost the game and made for the door in a rage, followed by the cool taunt of the King that he was a coward! And William the Conqueror was so great a devotee of the game that he "lost lordshippes thereat." It seems very likely that women played chess more in the Middle Ages; the Icelandic code, at any rate, was very gallant—there were two games, *ladies' chess* and *knights' chess*. Moreover, ladies while playing used to hold in their hand a small runic figure engraved on wood to ensure victory. Before quitting the British Museum collection, we must look at two very quaint kings in ivory. One is German, now headless—not like the Germans—and belongs to the thirteenth century; he is mounted, and is surrounded by three tiers of archers: this is one of the most curious conceptions extant. Near this one is another headless king, at whose feet are a harpist, another figure difficult to make out, and a monk or minister of state with a book; the poor king was so beset with these

worrying personages that he has lost his head—and no wonder! There is also here a very dainty little ivory knight, on a dainty little horse with a dainty little caparison indicating rank and wealth.

A visit to the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington will be well repaid; in addition to some actual carvings there are some plaster casts of other notable pieces;

one of these is a German queen of the tenth or twelfth century, ensconced in a large seat which suggests one of those delightful old stiles to be seen in some parts of the country, broad and wide and simple, where one might sit and wait for her "expected"—the original is in the Kunst Kammer collection at Berlin. In a corner is an English rook made of walrus belonging to the thirteenth century; this is a large piece, and the sides are filled with figures on the top of the battlements. In the centre a man armed with a shield, helmet and chain-mail is lifting his arm brandishing a sword, while a man whom he has just struck

is falling away from him to the left. On the other side is a king standing with an armed knight on each side. Round the base of the castle is an interlacing scroll, lightly incised and bearing small floreated ornaments. The piece is 3 7/8 in. high and 2 1/2 in. wide, and the price paid for it was £8 16s.

Song and legend gather round the originality of old-time chess workmanship, studding ancient art with jewels of phantasy and blending aptly with more modern romances. The bishop in the time of Charlemagne used to be an archer ready to shoot, and those who have read Vida will remember how the poet represents a compound of an archer and a centaur, calling it "the arrow-bearing centaur." Probably readers will remember the story of how a devotee of chess longed to be able to beat Staunton, and how the devil came and presented him with a wonderful set of men with which he would defeat everyone, including the great master himself. The stipulation was the giving of his daughter's hand to one of the devil's clients. The agreement was made and the power of the pieces tried, Staunton and all comers being beaten. After this proof of his good faith, the devil came to claim his pay; but the victorious father was too cunning to hand over his daughter, so he offered to play the devil a game, the winner to have the girl; of course, the devil lost against the miraculous pieces, and the winner retained the girl and the chessmen. The latter were formerly made for Odysseus at Troy,

the white ones being of Parian marble, and the red of porphyry cut from the bed of the Simois River when it was turned from its course.

Imagination can depict the quaint style of chessmen that would be used in the great game between the devil and the stockbroker. The stockbroker had sold his soul to the devil in return for various facilities in the markets of the world, but when the devil came for his own, the broker pleaded the illegality of the agreement, or, according to

some narrators, that the agreement had not been stamped at Somerset House. At all events, the issue was to be decided on the chessboard. Possibly the kings were represented by great steel magnates, the bishops by millionaires turned repentant philanthropists in their old age, the castles by models of banking-houses and exchanges, the pawns by every species of



Berserker.

Icelandic Pawns.

Arabian Rook.

FROM EAST AND WEST.



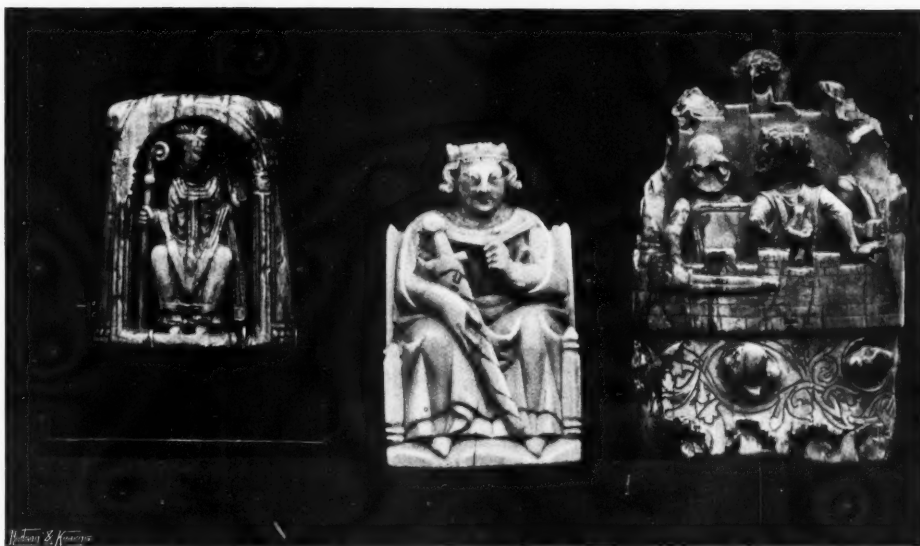
Irish Pawn.

German Queen.

"Chess piece."

SOME QUAINT CONCEITS.

clerk and runner-up known in the financial world. But that part of the story is not well attested; what is known, however, is that towards the expiry of the time-limit the devil foresaw one only possible mate within the remaining few minutes, and that mate would form the sign of the cross, so he resigned, describing his opponent's methods in tones and phrases that were nothing if not angelical. The foreseen mate was as follows: Black (the devil) had a rook, two knights and a pawn, while White had a pawn only. The kings were on the same file, with their pawns separating them; the black knights were both supported by the black pawn and both covered the rook. A very pretty mate, it will be readily admitted. One crowning instance of curious chessmen remains to be told. Many quaint designs of men



Bishop.

King.

Eng. Castle (13th Cent.)

IVORY CHESSMEN; MIDDLE AGES.

the poop of each ship stands the personage that gives a name to the piece; Philip is moving forward a galleon from a square where it has evidently been checked by one of the small boats, and Elizabeth already has in her hand the piece wherewith she means to drive off the invader of England.

and armies meeting on the field of battle are known, but one representing a famous sea-fight is a rare achievement, and this one portrays the fight between English ships and Spanish galleons. In the Royal Academy on a pedestal are two castles — one of Queen Elizabeth and the other of Philip of Spain; between them is a chessboard, the pieces taking the form of full-rigged ships, and the pawns of boats, something like low hulks or barges. On

MARTHA'S WOOING.

MAID MARTHA—sturdy, round and bucolic—stood at the Rectory gate one dreary afternoon in October and considered the question to go or not to go. The rain had ceased falling, but the puddles still glimmered faintly on the damp, black earth. It was almost dark, and walking down a wet lane alone at that hour of the evening was, to her maiden mind, a doubtful pleasure. The lane, however, was short, and at its further end lay all the dissipation that the village High Street—its shops and its gossips—could afford. Cook had asked her to oblige by running to the baker's for an extra loaf against young Mr. Frank's coming home on Sunday. Mr. Frank had a rare appetite, and when he came in unexpected it did make a difference to the bread, and no mistake. So Martha hesitated, unconsciously performing the mental feat of balancing *pros* and *cons*. Finally she decided to go. Though ostensibly she was doing it to oblige, it must be confessed that Martha's motives were, undoubtedly, mixed. Her best friends, who (as is frequently the case in higher circles than Martha's) were also her severest critics, had never accounted her an unselfish person. But Virtue being a kindly lady and generous in rewards, even when merit is small, it so happened that Martha bought the loaf, enjoyed her chat, heard as much of the tittle-tattle of Little Tadpole as could be crammed into ten minutes, and experienced a comforting sense of having rendered cook a service as she turned homewards. She walked slowly, and, in consequence, it was even darker than when she started.

As she approached the school-house she discerned in the gathering gloom a figure leaning against its bare brick wall. Being Dorset born and bred (a county where, for the most part, thieves, murderers and other excitements of life are only known by hearsay), she was not in the least alarmed. On the contrary, under cover of the darkness, she preened herself, much as a hen does, and half-lowered her skirts into the mud, for she could see enough to make out that the shadowy form was a masculine one.

"Good-night," said a voice she did not recognise.

"Same to you," answered Martha, pleasantly, as becomes a maid when spoken to civil-like by a man be he who he may.

"You're up to Rectory, ain't you?" the voice continued. "I did hear as how a new maid be coming. I 'low you be she."

Martha's slow pace slackened still further until it came to a full stop. "Indeed," she said with would-be sprightly emphasis, "and may I arst what that may be to you?"

"Waal," returned the masculine voice, into which a persuasive inflection had already crept, "waal, you see it might be someone to speak to, and then again—it might not."

"It won't be to-night anyway," remarked the girl with great decision, but without moving, "for I'm going in."

"If so be it's your turn out to-morrow, and you'd care to see the Meenster—as being a newcomer you should—I'll be going

that way meself, and perhaps I might look round on the charnst, so to speak."

What architectural aspirations dwelt in the "mute inglorious" soul of the country maiden can never be known, but the suggestion seemed to find favour. She pursed her lips and turned her head to one side as though considering it.

"I've heerd tell as how it is the Church to see," she admitted, "but two miles is too far to go alone these dark evenings in the country."

"Then, I'm your chap!"

"Indeed you're not that, nor likely to be neither," she retorted.

The man took out a match, struck it, and shaded the light carefully as he applied it to his pipe. "I'll be waiting for you wherever you please soon as milking's done," he announced stolidly.

"There now," thought Martha, testily, as she watched his proceedings, "why can't he give I a sight of his face instead of hiding the light like that?" By all her rules for good behaviour, which were many and precise, the interview had lasted long enough. She gathered up her skirts and moved on.

"The railway arch will be handy for both," she sang out over her shoulder as she disappeared. "Six sharp. I'm not one to be hanging about."

On the whole she was not sorry that the creaking of the garden gate was loud enough to drown the "good-night" that followed her. Cook, though elderly, had sharp ears and was apt to be down on girls. She was quite ten minutes later than usual getting to sleep that night, wondering who the man might be.

Sunday belied its name. It came into existence grey and sombre, grew into a dull noon and settled down resolutely into a dreary, depressing evening. But Martha's frame of mind was in nowise affected by the cheerlessness of the weather. Her thoughts were on business intent; her spirits braced up with pleasureable anticipation; her only anxiety was that it might rain and spoil her evening out. But though the clouds lowered they did not break. As six o'clock approached she might have been seen—had not lack of sunshine rendered observation difficult—walking briskly in her Sunday coat and skirt, best hat, gloves, and armed with an umbrella, towards the appointed place of rendezvous. Within the shadow of the railway arch it was impossible to tell whether one man, or ten, or none were sheltering. She leant forward and strained her sharp black eyes to no effect. She could see nothing, and was almost turning away in disappointment when a husky voice said hesitatingly—

"Be that you?"

"Not being able to see I can't say," came the prompt response. "Be you the chap that is waiting for I?"

"I were to meet a maid here at six sharp," continued the hidden speaker with great deliberation. "If so be that you're she I'm he."

The girl gave a little laugh. "Then come out into the light and let's look at you," she said. "I didn't recognise your voice at first, it's that croaky. Whatever's the matter?"

"It's the fog from the meadows. It did get down my throat last night when I was a-talking to you. It allus serves me so."

"Tie a stocking round your throat at night and 'twill be gone by morning. It's an old-fashioned remedy, but a good 'un."

"Since 'tis your advice I'll take it, the more so being cheap."

By this time the man had obeyed the girl's behest and emerged from the darkness, and the two were in such close proximity that, though neither of them had seen the other's face clearly nor had an idea of each other's name, they proceeded, arm-in-crook, on their walk without further ado. Such conditions of imperfect knowledge, however, were little to Maid Martha's taste. They walked for a few minutes in silence, then she opened the ball:

"This here meeting's all very well, but without the knowing of names and such-like we shan't get no forader."

The man cleared his throat. "I be Abel Hope at your service," he said. "Should 'ee like to hear more?"

"Yes, I should."

With a volubility that betrayed preparation he proceeded: "Age twenty-nine. Total abstainer, no swearer, labourer cow-man, with cottage and garden. Wages 15s. the week paid regular. Everyone do speak well of I, partikler them as don't know me through being here a short time. Also church, though no scholard. I be a domesticated chap as can cook and mangle, wash and get up my own shirts, clean a house from top to bottom, and may add, if druv to it, can mend socks and such-like. Also for years in a slate club."

He stopped to take breath, and Martha broke in: "Martha Hands is my name. I'm just twenty-four, and most partikler, as belonging to the Christian Endeavour, which is a society of good objects, one being to do the best as you can for yourself. 'Tis partly religious. We have evenings out, and are most careful what we reads."

"Waal," interposed Abel, "being no scholard, I wouldn't interfere. I'm a poor hand at books, though I can work a separator with the best."

Things were distinctly promising well; but as Martha's mother had always maintained no good ever came of shilly-shallying in delicate affairs of this kind, she followed up her advantage.

"That's as it should be," she said, though whether approving of his skill at the separator or his want of it with books was not clear, "and as far as it goes does you credit. I've never done anything foolish myself, and have always lived in the best places, keeping them for years, so I'm sure you'll excuse my arsting what's the meaning of this, what's your little game?"

At this enquiry, as much to the point as it was unexpected, Abel's slow-moving mind became almost agitated. He removed his arm from Martha's, tilted his hat forward, and scratched the back of his head.

"Waal, my maid, you do go ahead and no mistake. I wouldn't deceive you for worlds," he said at length, "so I'll just speak straight out without beating about the bush, as is the way with so many. I wants a wife. If so be you wants a husband we may as well pair off as any others. I can't say no fairer."

"You go on," said Martha, and sniggered.

"'Tis true, lass. I'm steadfast, and what I says I means. And I'm not without a banking book neither, where you may read as Abel Hope has £120 put by. I'll show you the book any day, and seeing's believing."

At the mention of the banking book a wide smile, which she was at no pains to suppress, played round Martha's lips.

"That's a sensible word you've just spoke," she admitted, "but don't go for to think you're the only one with money, for I've some bank money myself. But," with a sudden change of subject that might or might not have been caused by the turn in the conversation, "supposing we don't go to church, the clouds look that black. Will 'ee come into supper with my sister instead? Business is business. We'll talk the matter over with her and her husband, and, if agreeable, I'll arst leave on Monday, and take you over to mother on approval. Be you willing?"

"That I be, my maid."

Whatever opinion friends of her own position and standing might entertain of Maid Martha's characteristics, her mistresses' verdict ever since she had been in service had been unanimously favourable. As a servant she excelled. She was as hard working as she was hard and practical, as indefatigable in performing the duties she was paid for as she was in looking after her own interests and seeing that number one came first. The tea-tray she brought into the pretty Rectory drawing-room on Monday afternoon was all that a tea-tray should be; no cloud dimmed the lustre of its silver, no spot marred the purity of its napery and china, just as no outward sign on the firm red and white of Martha's rustic countenance betrayed she had gone through an emotional crisis between breakfast-time and tea.

Mrs. Leslie was alone, the Rector being out, and Martha saw and seized her opportunity. "Please, ma'am," she began, "I think cook told you this morning that I was going to arst leave to go and see mother to-morrow, but I've changed my mind and shan't want to go now."

"No bad news, I hope, Martha?" murmured Mrs. Leslie, sympathetically.

"No, ma'am. I was only going to take my young man on approval, but I shan't want to now."

"I didn't know you had a young man. When you came, if I remember rightly, you said you were not engaged nor keeping company."

"No, more I wasn't then, ma'am, but I was on the look-out, so to speak. My first young man, an Austrian waiter, had gone back to his own country and stopped writing, and having no address after two years, he was ended."

As all good rectors' wives do, or should do, Mrs. Leslie took an interest in her servants' personal affairs.

"And have you found someone else? I hope he will prove satisfactory. How long have you known him?" she said.

"Only since last Saturday night, ma'am, about six o'clock. As to his being satisfactory, I did think so yesterday, but I don't think so to-day."

"Dear, dear!" ejaculated the lady, now fairly interested. "What has he said or done to offend you?"

"It's more what he didn't say," snapped Martha. "He's one of the silent sort what you can't be up to. If it hadn't been so as I charnst to pass words with one and another as come to the house to-day I should have been nicely taken in. Some said he was a widower; others that he had a wife alive, not having heard of her death; also that he has a dead son about seventeen and a daughter next him left home. And he never as much as said one word of all this when I walked out with him a-Sunday. But I've sent him a letter in which I've given him the 'go-by.' Plenty more fish where he come from, better, too, as they can't be worse. Mrs. Hall says his wife died of a consumption caught from nursing his son. Her cough was crool, and she hasn't been dead three months. He made enquiries for a wife from the neighbours to save the cost of advertisement, she do declare, and thought he'd got I cheap. The idea of me marrying a man what carries on like that! I'd sooner be in the grave along with her as was his first. And he to tell me he's twenty-nine!"

"He must certainly be more than that to have children of that age."

"Very true, ma'am, and they do say as viewed in daylight very wrinkled; but only having seen him in the dark I can't say for sure. He can find a wife where he pleases, but it won't be me. Hindrances and stumbling-blocks strewn in his path is all the help he'll get in this quarter. But there's the Rector, ma'am, coming up the path. Shall I make him a drop of fresh tea?"

How much or how little of Martha's revelations were retailed to the Rector, and how they flavoured his tea, concerns us not at all. It is more important to our tale to chronicle that, at 9.30 the same evening, when prayers had been read and the Rector had retired to his study, Mrs. Leslie was again addressed by Martha on the same all-absorbing subject.

"Please, ma'am, I'm sorry to trouble you again; but if it's all the same to you, Abel and I are going on approval to-morrow."

"Oh, very well," said her mistress, smiling. "But why have you changed your mind again?"

"Well, it's this way, ma'am," said Martha, in her level matter-of-fact tone. "My note was that crool and sharp it cut Hope to the heart. Up he comes directly work was over to arst to see me. But I sent word to the back door by cook, 'No. All is over and done. Nought remains.' He was that upset, she said, it was pitiful to see him. His sighs and groans fair shook the woodwork of the door. I was listening in the kitchen and heard him. He did beg for me to grant him just five minutes; so I give way, knowing we should all give each other the charnst to answer back, besides being wishful to hear what he had to say for himself. He began straight off. 'Though making all allowance for false information as you may have heard, I am indeed a widower. Neither can I help this by word or deed, nor can I help a dead son or a daughter in service. If I wasn't a widower why should I want a wife? How were I to guess you didn't know? You did go so straight ahead I never had no time to tell you. But that's neither here nor there. Your letter has fair upset me. Oh, to think of you and my happy home what was to be, both gone!' And the poor fellow leaned against the wall, he did tremble that bad. This was all true, so I said, 'And how am I to know that your wife is dead, for they say she is not buried here, if she is at all?' At this question Abel he did look very indignant like. 'She did go back to her mother, by their own wish, to die together, and more convenient, too, as she had a grave handy, belonging to her own people in Somerset. But to convince you she is laid along with them, I've brought you the bill for the coffin, with the undertaker's receipt. Also my bank book, my dear gal, as was to

be.' His voice shook with sobs, and I was that moved that I looked at both. They was quite satisfactory. Then says I, 'How did you come by all this money?' 'Some was hers and some is my savings, but most is her insurance money and the son's.'

"I hesitated so as to keep him waiting a bit and then I says: 'Well, things seem a bit more straighter now, and I don't know but what I'll give you a trial after all.' Oh, he did smile, he was that relieved, and then went on: 'One thing your letter did strike home in, and that was your saying I deceived you, for I did in one way, and that was saying I was twenty-nine; so I be, but ten years more besides. I was scairt at losing you so young and fair' (though how he could tell, having only seen me in the dark, I can't think). 'I thought

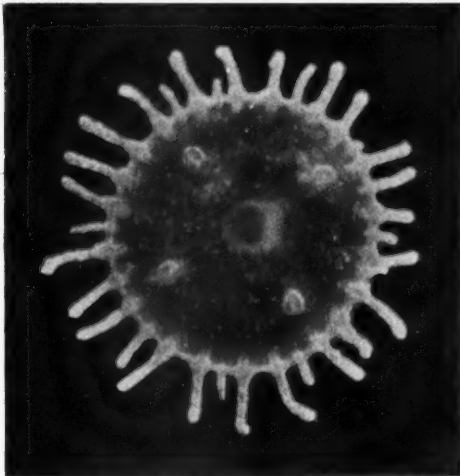
you wouldn't care for one so much older. But if you'll have me you never will repent it to your dying day.'

"With that he did hand me a note from my sister to say if I did break it off with Abel I should either have to keep away from their house or to meet him there, as they wouldn't quarrel with him if I did, for they didn't hold with foolish goings on. Nor did I when I thought of the bank book. So after reading it I did fix up with Abel to go by a later train to mother to-morrow, and he took word to my sister for her to call here for me early, so that we can go to his cottage together to see if he does have oilcloth all over the floor upstairs, and a duchesse suite in the front bedroom and the things downstairs that he says he has, and if he has I will take him home on approval, and if he hasn't I won't. So that's how it stands, ma'am."

M. A. RUTHERFORD.

ZOOPHYTES.

THERE are few more enjoyable ways of spending an afternoon, when on a visit to the seaside, than in wandering along the shore in search of ocean treasures cast up by the waves, and in exploring the rock pools left by the receding tide. Of the flotsam and jetsam collected during such a ramble, a large proportion will probably be found to consist of delicate, feathery objects, whose numerous branches have a minute serrated appearance, and are horny in texture. These fragile, plant-like objects, so often to be found enshrined in albums as mementoes of a happy holiday spent by the sea, were once the homes of innumerable graceful creatures, whose romantic life-history is not only one of the most intensely interesting imaginable, but is one of the most striking and remarkable examples of the wonderful phenomenon of the alternation of generations that original investigation in the realm of natural science has yielded. Cast up on the sands, all glistening with opalescent rainbow hues, these graceful, plant-like objects might well at first sight be mistaken for exquisite members of the vegetable kingdom, and it is not surprising to find that at one time they were classed as such. Indeed, it was not until scientists had come to fully realise the vital importance of closely observing the living organism in its natural environment that these feathery, seaweed-like objects ceased to be a puzzle, and the cause of much fierce and wordy warfare, and at last found their proper position in the animal kingdom. Popularly known as zoophytes, these interesting creatures belong to the Hydrozoa, a division of the Coelenterata, which also includes the fresh-water polypes, and many jelly-fish, mostly small in size. These feathery-looking zoophytes are a very numerous tribe, to be found growing on the wooden piles of piers and wharfs, on the rocks and seaweeds of the tidal pools, on great whelk-shells that form the movable homes of the hermit crabs, and in most situations from tide marks to deep water. Graceful as the slender stems and spreading branches of the dried zoophytes are, one must see a specimen when it is in full life and activity, under the microscope, to be able to realise their beauty. Indeed, it is one of the most beautiful and wonderful sights that could possibly be imagined, or that the microscope has ever revealed. The branches are then seen to be covered with countless tentacle-crowned polypes, so that the whole specimen appears to be a mass of exquisite, motile, rayed flowers. Some idea of how numerous are the inhabitants of a colony may be obtained from a cursory examination of a small species called *Plumularia cristata*, each branch of which may comprise from 400 to 500 polypes, the entire colony probably numbering about 6,000



A YOUNG MEDUSA.

Whose offspring will become founders of new zoophyte colonies.

inhabitants; while in larger and equally abundant species, like *Plumularia falcata*, or *Sertularia argentia*, the colony will frequently number anything from 80,000 to 100,000 individuals.

On examining a living zoophyte under the microscope, one sees that the branched filaments of which it is composed are covered on one or both sides with little conical, tentacle-crowned polypes, each enclosed in a glassy, cup-like investment. Each flower-like polype has a hungry, elastic mouth in the centre of the waving circle of tentacles, which leads to a stomach whose base is again directly connected with the filament; for each polype contributes to the nutrition and growth of the whole colony. The circle of numerous tentacles around the mouth are employed in obtaining food, and are somewhat complex in their structure, capable of stinging and paralysing the microscopic forms of life, such as animalcules, motile ova, etc., on which the polypes feed. The polypes are the sexless workers of the colony, their one function in life being to keep up the supply of food necessary for the growth and persistence of the life of the colony, which increases in size by a plant-like process of budding. Less numerous than the tentacle-crowned polypes, and to be found chiefly towards the central portion of the colony, are long transparent cases, each containing a cylindrical body bearing numerous small lateral offshoots, which, according to the stage of development they have reached, vary in form, and are called medusa-buds. During the winter, the zoophyte colony increases in size and in the number of its polype inhabitants. As the spring of the year advances the large transparent cases containing the cylindrical bodies become more prominent upon the colony, and within them a change is seen to be taking place. The tiny medusa-buds grow and change their shape, until they resemble saucers attached to the cylindrical body by the middle of their convex surface. Around the edge of each saucer some sixteen short tentacles are formed, and a blunt process is seen to project from the centre of the concave surface. Eventually the transparent case which has served as a nursery is ruptured, and one by one the young saucer-shaped medusa-buds make their escape.

As they issue from their nursery we are at once able to realise why they were called medusa-buds, for now that they are free, we see that they have grown into perfect miniature medusæ or jelly-fish! They are somewhat complicated little creatures in their structure,

provided with a four-sided mouth communicating with a system of canals, by means of which the digested food is distributed. The edge of the little bell, or umbrella-shaped body of the tiny medusa, is produced into a narrow shelf, from which



PORTION OF A ZOOPHYTE COLONY.

the tentacles, sixteen in number in the newly-born jelly-fish, but very numerous in the adult, arise. At the base of certain of these tentacles are to be found curious globular sacs, each containing a calcareous particle, and at one time considered organs of hearing. Undoubtedly they are sense-organs, and in all probability they enable the medusa to judge the direction in which it is swimming. These medusæ, unlike the fixed polypes of the colony, are capable of producing young, and have the sexes developed.

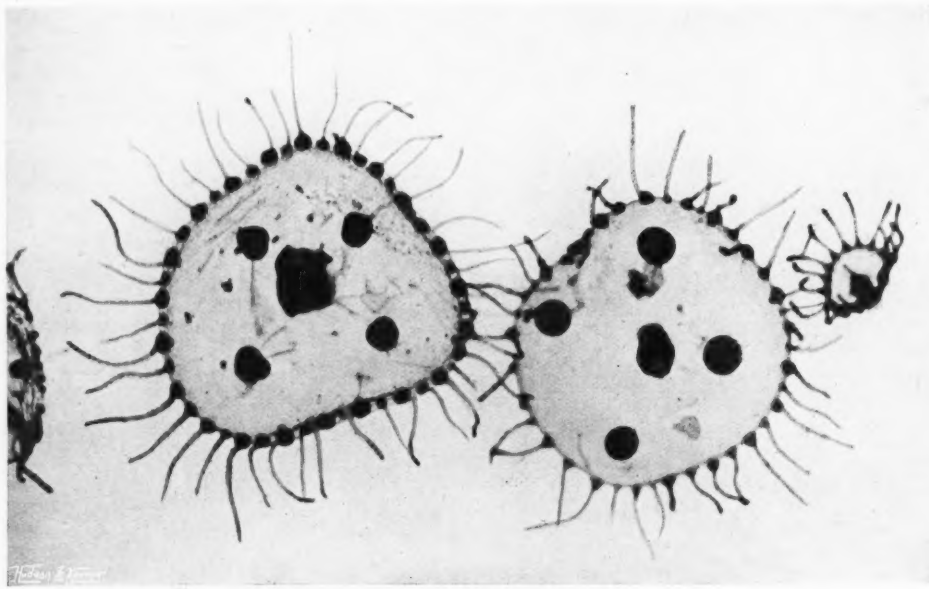
The zoophyte colony, consisting of sexless polypes, can only develop by the asexual method of budding; but, as we have



THE TRANSPARENT NURSERIES.

In which the young medusa buds are formed.

seen, it is capable of producing buds which eventually become separated from the colony as free-swimming male and female jelly-fish. The offspring of these medusæ are, unlike their parents, ovoidal in form, and more or less clothed with cilia, by means of which they freely swim. When the time comes for the medusa baby, or planula, to settle down, it fixes itself by one end to a piece of rock, timber, seaweed, or other suitable base, and becomes converted into a simple polype, having a disc attachment at its base, and at its distal end a mouth and circlet of tentacles. It soon sends out lateral buds, and by a frequent repetition



YOUNG FREE-SWIMMING MEDUSA.

Whose offspring will become founders of zoophyte colonies.



TENTACLE-CROWNED FLOWER-LIKE POLYPES.

Their tentacles are armed with stinging cells.

of this process becomes converted into a zoophyte colony, thus completing the cycle of the alternation of generations—first the asexual zoophyte colony developing by budding, then the sexual generation of free-swimming medusæ, whose offspring in turn become the founders of asexual zoophyte colonies.

F. MARTIN-DUNCAN.

CONCERNING THE MOOSE.

A FINE specimen of the moose (*Alces machlis gigas*) has just been presented by the Hon. Walter Rothschild to the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. Superbly mounted by Mr. Rowland Ward of Piccadilly, this will make a noteworthy addition to the Mammal Gallery, where it will soon be placed. Though standing 6ft. 4in. at the withers, and having a span of 4ft. 11½in. across the antlers, this is by no means a record specimen, since examples of over 7ft. have been recorded, with a span across the antlers of over 5ft. These giants, however, like the specimen just acquired by the Museum, are to be met with only in Alaska; further south, in Yukon Territory, they run smaller, therein agreeing with the European elk. The Old World elk, and the New World moose, by the way, are not, as some suppose, distinct species; on the contrary, they must

be regarded merely as geographical races of the same animal, and, at the same time, as the largest of all living deer. But besides this superiority in size the genus *Alces* differs in many other respects. The great basin-shaped antlers are unique, and may attain a weight of as much as 60lb., and as many as fourteen points. The full length of beam appears to be attained by the fifth year, and after this they increase only in weight. The females are hornless. The male is further peculiar in that he develops from the under side of the neck a pendant fold of skin known as the "bell." The somewhat ungainly shape of this beast is due to a combination of characters,

the most striking of which are the long legs and short thick neck, the absence of a tail and the enormously inflated nostrils. But these are something more than so many distinguishing features, for they tell a tale of adaptation to environment such as will be found in but few other deer, at any rate in so far as clearness is concerned. The long legs and short neck are to be regarded as specialisations, which have followed on the habit, pursued through countless generations, of feeding on the tops of low bushes and the lowermost twigs of the overhanging boughs of trees, till now it is no longer possible to feed off the ground. Possibly this method of feeding was brought about by the increasing weight of the horns, since it would require a considerable expenditure of muscular energy to raise a head so weighted from the ground, even

though the legs were shorter. The tail, reduced to the merest vestige, has degenerated from lack of use. The inflation of the nostrils is associated with another structural character—extremely short nasal bones, and consequently a very large nasal fossa. This character, be it noted, obtains in many animals which live in cold climates, and among the ungulates is found in the Chiru antelope of Thibet and the Saiga antelope of East Europe and West Asia. It would seem that this inflation has been developed to secure a spacious cavity wherein the air may be warmed before being passed on to the lungs. The young of the moose are also peculiar in that they are unspotted. But it is significant to notice they are marked by a median dorsal stripe; and stripes preceded spots in all animals. W. P. PYCRAFT.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

WILD LIFE AND THE WEATHER.

WE are often told that the real cause of the increase of bird-life of late years is, not the protection given by legislation or any other human agency, but the long sequence of mild winters, through which the birds have found it unusually easy to sustain life. Personally, I have doubts upon the subject. Under any circumstances, following the mild winters, we have had in the last five years two wet summers, when the conditions must have been, I imagine, even more destructive of bird-life than the hardest of frosts; for, as all preservers of game know, it is the weather during the breeding and rearing seasons that counts most. But if the supporters of the theory are right, this present winter should go some way to restore the balance. The frost has been of sufficient duration to drive the wild things to extremes, and it has covered so wide an area that escape by any ordinary process of migration has been difficult.

DEAD BIRDS IN WINTER.

As a result, it is true, dead birds are scattered all over the country-side. It is worth remarking, however, that dead birds are to be found at all seasons of the year; but whereas in summer it is only by an accident that one finds one where it lies among the herbage, now every ragged bunch of feathers on the ground stands out conspicuously against the bare or whitened earth. My own belief (which is only an individual belief, and therefore of little value) is that in any given square mile of country there are as many dead young birds lying about in a normal summer as there are dead old ones in the severest winter, though they do not lie as long, and, as has been explained, they are much less easily noticed. But what is of more importance than an individual opinion is the fact that the checks by which Nature works in keeping down an excess of population are rarely climatic.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND IN NATURE.

Each creature is kept from multiplying exceedingly by the normal vicissitudes of its existence, and, especially, by other creatures which prey upon it. So far as the climate influences the matter, the weather which is favourable to the proletariat—the creatures to be eaten—is generally equally favourable to the predatory ones which eat them. Similarly the influences which reduce the food supply reduce the number of mouths to be fed. The process works automatically through good and bad seasons alike. However severe a winter may be—however pitifully plentiful the dead birds may lie along the hedgerows at the end of a long frost—it is questionable whether the wastage of life from that cause is large enough to have any appreciable effect in comparison with the ordinary wastage which goes on year in and year out from the other causes named—the normal vicissitudes and the ravages of predatory species.

PROVIDING FOR WASTAGE.

To take an individual example. The average size of a family of a pair of blue tits is probably rather over eight than under that number. Nature arranges that all creatures shall breed with a fecundity in proportion to the dangers to which the life of that particular species is subject. Birds or other creatures which are likely to be killed in large numbers produce large numbers of young. Fish which are liable to be eaten by millions spawn in millions. Insects which form a staple food supply for other living things reproduce their kind by the score or by the hundred. Small birds which are much preyed upon have large clutches; those which are immune from such perils get along with a single pair of young or even one nestling at a time. All alike, from the cod to the eagle, produce enough so that, under the operation of the ordinary chances, sufficient of each generation shall struggle through to keep the species going. The ordinary family of a pair of blue tits, then, is about eight.

A WILDERNESS OF TITS.

It is evident that if all the members of each family came to maturity and bred the stock of blue tits in the world would go on quintupling itself yearly. In twenty years the world would be all blue tits. Even if three-quarters of the young die each year the stock will still double annually, subject only to

deduction for the passing away of each generation after its natural life. But it is evident that the stock of blue tits, either in any given district or in the world at large, does not double annually. That is to say, the mortality each year from "natural" causes must exceed three-quarters. If seven young blue tits out of every eight die each year, that still leaves one new bird for every old pair, or an average increase of 50 per cent. per annum. And, again, it is evident that there is not going on any such increase even as 50 per cent. That is to say, more than seven-eighths—let us say 90 per cent.—of the young of each year die before reaching maturity and coming to a breeding age. My point is, when we consider how appalling this normal wastage is, that it is improbable that the effect of any frost or other climatic severity can be more than infinitesimal compared to it. Beside this worse than Herodian massacre of 90 per cent. of the innocents which goes on ruthlessly every summer, the spasmodic brutalities of an occasional severe winter must be trivial.

MAN'S INTERFERENCE IN NATURE.

At first sight it might be supposed that the agency of man must be equally trivial; but the trouble with man's interference is that, unlike Nature, he does not work impartially. He does not send the rain upon the just and the unjust alike. While with the one hand he is protecting the small birds, with the other he is exterminating the large ones which are the natural check upon the others. If man protected all birds alike the big ones could probably be safely trusted to look after the little ones, but while he is helping the small birds to increase and multiply (a thing which might not in itself produce much result) he is industriously killing off the hawks and jays and other "vermin," feathered or four-footed, which should be busy keeping the small things under. One pair of nesting jays or sparrow-hawks account for more small birds than all the guns and boys of half a county.

WHAT IT IS LEADING TO.

Personally, as I have said, I do not believe that one hard winter, or two hard winters, or three hard winters will have any appreciable influence. What is causing the increase in our small bird-life is in a measure the direct protection afforded by the laws, but much more largely the indirect effect of the killing off of the predatory species. In the cases of some birds the increase in numbers has already, from the point of view of human interests, been permitted to go much too far.

Nor is there great likelihood that we shall get our "vermin" back again. What man will sooner or later have to do is to take upon himself the functions which that vermin would perform, and, instead of protecting, turn to and take the place of those natural checks on over-abundance which he has seen fit to remove.

WHAT ENEMY DOES THIS THING?

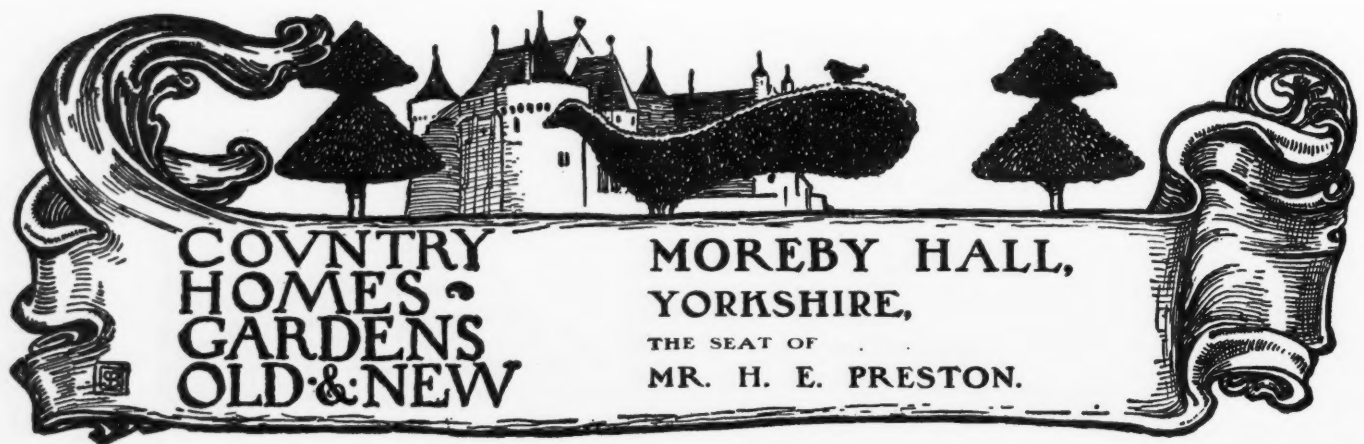
As a digression from the above, it may be remarked that it was not at haphazard that I chose the example of the young blue tits for the purpose of illustration, because it is a question that has always puzzled me what the peculiar cause of mortality can be that demands so large a reproductiveness in tits as compared with the majority of small perching birds. Why should it be necessary for a tit to have twice as many young as a finch or a bunting? The fact that young tits come less frequently to the ground than the young of most small birds would seem to give them especial security. The positions in which they nest would also seem to be much less exposed to perils than the open bush or ditch or hedgerow. Yet something kills twice as many tits as finches or buntings. The position of the nesting site would seem to suggest that the particular peril against which the tits find it necessary to guard themselves was of an aerial kind. No four-footed creature could, under any circumstances, work much havoc among tits—unless it might be squirrels—and the mortality must presumably be the work of other birds. But what birds? Do jays or shrikes or mistle-thrushes have a particular liking for young tits? Nature provides from seven to ten young tits to a family, as against from three to five of the majority of hedge-building and ground-building small birds; and Nature does not make a provision of that kind without good cause. She knows that the tits are going to be needed. But why? H. P. R.



J. Atkinson.

BLUE TIT.

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THE swelling Ouse, passing from beneath the shadow of St. Mary's Abbey, the walls of the venerable minster and the gloomy precincts of Clifford's Tower, issues from the walled city of York to pursue its silent course through the midst of the fertile plain southward towards Selby. Something less than three miles below York it flows by the palace and gardens of the Archbishop, and some seven miles further on it skirts the older archiepiscopal palace of Cawood, where Wolsey, in the day of the ingratitude of the monarch he had served too well, was arrested. Midway between the two palaces the river passes by the sequestered place which is our subject to-day. Moreby, commonly called Moorby in old maps and deeds, was a dwelling on the moor which was once fringed by the reeds of the river, before the plough and harrow had won the waste to the teeming fertility and rural content of the present time, and made of Moreby and its district as pleasant a country as we could desire to find in this richly cultivated level land of the great Vale of York. The river is its old companion, not frequented much by shipping, save that sometimes a broad-beamed barge, with red sail flaming in the level beams of the sunset, will cast its shadow far across the sward, browning fast into the growing dusk. Skiffs propelled fast by strong young arms, light-draught steamboats freighted, and river craft of other kinds add to the life of the landscape and of the quiet locality, which the guide-books do not even name.

Moreby does not lie upon any highway along which there is thronging traffic. It is a township in the parish of Stillingfleet, which village is about a mile further south, and both places are partly within the Liberty of St. Peter of York. The township anciently contained two carucates of land held of the King in capite by knight's service and a sixpenny rent severally. Now we read the quaint record that Moreby is held of the Crown by the service of rendering a red rose when the Sheriff may demand it. Great would be the contrast, if we could make it, between the beauty of the country, the finished charm of the house, and the rare perfection of the garden in these days, and the aspect the place presented when the ancient church of Stillingfleet was built. But York was ever a great centre of life, and many men chose to make their dwelling in its vicinity. Moreby, indeed, gave name to a family, and Sir William Acclom, or Acklam, of Acklam, married the daughter of Sir Robert Moreby, knight, in the fifteenth century. The Accloms were living at Moreby much later, their coat of armour is recorded, and in Stillingfleet Church is a memorial to John Acclom of Moreby, who died in 1611, and of Isabel his wife. There is also a much older effigy of a mailed knight, perhaps a Moreby.

Old maps show the predecessor of the present building as standing between the river and the road, and here it was, we suppose, that the Morebys and Accloms dwelt. But we are concerned with possessors who came later, and we are bidden





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THE SUNK BOWLING GREEN.

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ARCH OF YEW, WEST TERRACE.

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THE WESTERN AVENUE.

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IN THE EVENING LIGHT.

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BOX EDGING, FLOWER TERRACE.

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SOUTH END OF BOWLING GREEN.

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first to take note of the family of Lawson, of whom Sir George Lawson, knight, was Treasurer of Berwick and Lord Mayor of York in 1530. To be chief magistrate of the Northern city was no small thing, and the office was one of great dignity. According to the old rhyme the Lady Mayoress always retained her title:

He is a lord for a year and a day,
But she is a lady for ever and aye.

Sir George Lawson's son was also Lord Mayor of York in 1502, and his son, Peter Lawson of Poppleton, married Elizabeth, daughter of Ambrose Beckwith of Stillingfleet, while Peter Lawson's son, George, born in 1575, was of Poppleton, and subsequently of Moreby. York was in his time a city of great note and a centre of society in the North of England, many of the county gentry having houses there in which they passed the winter. Thus an old balladist:

Yorke, Yorke, for my monie,
Of all the citties that ever I see,
For merry pastime and companie,
Except the Cittie of London.

The next owner of Moreby, the Reverend George Lawson, was succeeded in turn by his son, another George Lawson, who married in 1636 the daughter of Marmaduke Boswell. Marmaduke Lawson came next, and left two sons, neither of whom had any issue. His wife was Susannah, daughter of John Preston, Mayor of Leeds in 1692, and presently we find Thomas Preston, nephew of Marmaduke Lawson's wife, in possession of the Moreby estate. From him it passed to his nephew, Mr. Henry Preston, who married, in 1814,

the eldest daughter of Mr. Joshua Compton of Esholt Hall, Yorkshire.

Mr. Henry Preston, father of the late owner, was the builder of the beautiful house which we illustrate. The time had evidently come when a new dwelling-place was desirable, or necessary, and Mr. Preston went to work in the very best way by calling in an architect who had made a lifelong study of the forms of mediæval construction. That gentleman was Mr. Anthony Salvin, who made his mark upon the domestic architecture of England in the reign of William IV. and the early years of Queen Victoria. The house was begun in 1828, was first occupied in 1831, and



"COUNTRY LIFE."

WALK TO THE RUINS.

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MOREBY HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was actually completed two years later. The material was a beautiful and durable white freestone from the quarries of Park Springs, near Leeds, and the hue of the structure has been mellowed by time, until it now makes a beautiful harmony with the green background of its trees and the fair foreground of its admirable garden. The style is that of Henry VI. or thereabouts, and the house is pleasing in outline, grouping and detail.

Nothing was spared to make it attractive, either in itself or in its surroundings, and it is said that a sum of about £200,000 was expended upon it. There are many beautiful houses within a short distance of York, and Moreby Hall deserves to take high rank among them. In the character of its construction it seems to belong rightly to the district, which, as all who visit York are aware, is particularly distinguished for its fine work in stone.

But nothing at Moreby attracts so much attention, or deserves so much, as the very beautiful and strongly-individualised gardens which adorn it, and which were planned and laid out by John Burr, who was at one time head-gardener, and afterwards for many years steward. Here we walk in an enchanted region of graceful and yet fantastic creation in the "ductile yew." It may be that there is nothing quite so good and original except at the famous Westmorland House of Levens. Levens, of course, is older, and is an admirable exemplar of a particular style of gardenage which has been an inspiration to many. The hand of the topiary gardener has been well employed at Moreby also, where it has invested the verdant realm of the garden with much of its curious charm. Nature and Art have worked hand in hand, and the abundant richness of the one has been matched by the patient labour and constant skill of the worker in the other. There are forms at Moreby almost as



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ASCENT TO SOUTH TERRACE.

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ON THE WEST GARDEN STAIRWAY.

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MOREBY FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

remarkable as the singular array of the strange denizens in the gardens at Levens. Perhaps there are imaginings as quaint even as that of Queen Elizabeth and her maids of honour. As we all know by this time, the *topiarius* was a man of distinction even in antique Roman gardens, and almost from those times to these his skill has been called for in one part of Europe or another. Bacon did not like "images cut of juniper or other garden stuff," but he would have approved the fine hedges and the "pretty pyramids" of Moreby. There is no exaggeration in the garden, and everything seems to have been contrived to give the effect of contrast in form and colour. Evelyn tells us how

tonsile hedges should be cut and kept in order by means of "a scythe of 4ft. long, and very little falcated, fixed on a long sneed or straight handle," and he had at his house at Deptford "four large rounds phyllyreas smooth-clipped." Theobalds had in the sixteenth century labyrinths, terraces, trellis walks, geometrical beds and divers trees clipped into cones, pyramids and other forms, as well as walks and bowling greens.

It is chiefly for the adornment of the lovely sunken bowling green at Moreby that the topiary gardener has plied his craft. It is an enclosed place, as many think good gardens should be, and the quaint and curious shapes in yews which environ



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WEST SIDE OF BOWLING GREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

it add a great deal to the charm. The pictures indicate the character of this romantic enclosure better than words can describe it; but it is particularly worthy of note that, although well walled by these green hedges, there is a vista beyond, and that beautiful ornamental, deciduous and other trees complete the charm of the picture. It would be difficult to conceive a more delightful garden outlook of the kind than that obtained from the top of the west garden stairway as seen in one of the pictures. Here is the great arching of yew, which is so successful a feature of the garden, and the high palisades of yews which flank it are singularly beautiful and attractive. The planting of ornamental trees has been very successful, and contrasts of colour are observable in the pictures which accompany this article. Nor is there any spirit of exclusion, for flowers are abundant and freely growing. Yet even here a certain reserve will be noticed, as on the flower terrace, where the beds are contained within well-clipped low edgings. It is difficult to avoid the use of superlatives in describing this very attractive place, but now it will be as well to leave the pictures to tell the splendid tale of the adornment of the beautiful house standing by the river Ouse.

IN THE . . . GARDEN.

THE BEST EVERGREEN TREES AND SHRUBS.

WE have been recently asked for the names of the most satisfactory evergreen trees and shrubs, and as the answer may be of general interest to the readers of these notes we give it. The Arbutuses head the list, and comprise *A. Andrachne*, *A. hybrida*, *A. Menziesii* and *A. Unedo*, *Arctostaphylos Uva-ursi*, *Artemisia tridentata*, the *Aucuba* and its varieties, *Azara microphylla*, Bamboos in variety, *Berberis Aquifolium*, *B. Darwini*, *B. japonica* and *B. stenophylla*, *Brackenathalia spiculifolia* and the following forms of the Box tree: *Balearica*, *Harlandi*, *japonica*, *sempervirens*, *S. arborescens*, *argentea*, *aurea pendula*, *elegantissima*, *Handsworthi*, *longifolia*, *myosotifolia*, *myrtifolia*, *pendula*, *rosmarinifolia*; the Heaths, *Cistus ladaniferus*, or the Gum Cistus, *C. laurifolius*, *C. monspeliensis*, *C. lusitanicus*, *Cotoneasters angustifolia*, *buxifolia*, *microphylla* and *thymifolia*, the Fire Thorn (*Crataegus Pyracantha*), *Daboecia polifolia*, *Danæ Laurus*, *Daphnes Cneorum*, *Laureola* and *pontica*, the beautiful large-leaved *Elæagnus glabra*, *macrophylla*, *pungens* and the rosy-flowered *E. macrantha*, the Spindle Tree (*Euonymus japonicus*) and its varieties—variegated and otherwise, *Garrya elliptica*, which has long catkins in winter, *Gaultheria procumbens*, *G. Shallon*, the Ivies, Rock Roses (*Helianthemum vulgare*), which has flowers of beautiful colourings, the Hollies, *Laurel*, *Kalmia latifolia*, *Ledum latifolium*, *L. palustre*, the Privets, *Magnolia grandiflora*, *Menziesia empetrifolia*, *Olearia Haasti*, *Osmanthus Aquifolium*, the *Pernettya*, *Phillyreas decora*, *angustifolia*, *latifolia* and *media*, *Pieris floribunda*, *P. japonica*, *Evergreen Oak*, *Rhamnus Alaternus*, *Rhododendrons*, the *Rosemary*, *Lavender*, *Butcher's Broom* (*Ruscus aculeatus*), the *Santolina*, *Skimmia*, *Laurustinus*, *Veronicas* and *Yuccas*. We think the best season to plant evergreens is the spring, though we have planted them with success in winter.

A NOTE ABOUT BUTTER BEANS.

Those who are interested in good vegetables should include the Butter Beans in their seed order for the current year. They are quite distinct from the ordinary French or Runner Bean, and require the same simple culture. It sometime happens that there is no room for the tall Runner varieties, and under these



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STRAIGHT WALK IN THE LOWER GARDENS.

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ACROSS THE FLOWER TERRACE.

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MOREBY HALL: A CIRCLE ROSE GARDEN.

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circumstances one may grow such sorts as the Dwarf Sugar, as this, though slightly different from the Golden-podded or Butter Bean, is excellent for cooking whole; the pods are stringless, and even when fully developed are quite crisp and delicious when cooked whole. Another good Sugar Bean is the Dwarf Golden Waxpod, which is very distinct, tender and fleshy. They should be cooked whole before they are allowed to mature. Another type of Dwarf Butter Bean is the Golden Scimitar, which differs in shape from the last named. It is of robust growth, bears a larger pod and is of delicious flavour when cooked. Another of this section is the Centenary Golden-podded Bean, which, when cooked whole and served very hot, is most pleasant to the taste. It is a great favourite on the Continent and in America. The Mont d'Or, or Golden Runner Butter Bean, is one of the most valuable of all. When served whole it is preferable to the sliced Beans usually served in this country, being more fleshy and stringless. The Mont d'Or is a tall Runner Bean, the pod pale yellow and stringless, and when the seed is sown early in May the plants yield in July. We have grown it without sticks, merely pinching the points of the shoots weekly. The dwarf sorts noted should be sown about three times during the season—April, early June and late July—in good soil in rows 2ft. to 3ft. apart. Sow very thinly, to allow each plant sufficient space to develop. Grown thus a supply will be maintained over a long season. Gather frequently, however, to prevent the pods forming seed.

A WINTER-FLOWERING SHRUB (BUDDLEIA ASIATICA).

In this shrub we have a welcome addition to our winter-flowering subjects suitable for the cool greenhouse. It was first introduced to this

Conrad F. Meyer. We do not mean to say it is so vigorous as this beautiful sort, but it seems to approach it in sturdiness, with a more diffuse rather than a rigid habit. These very vigorous Hybrid Teas have great value, and we should do well to cultivate them more for planting in masses. Where is there a more splendid sort than Mme. Wagram, with its huge flowers of satin pink freshness? Gustave Grunerwald will be another. La Tosca, too, will be in much demand presently; its vigour and huge clusters of bloom make it a prominent variety in autumn.

THE HOLLYHOCK.

This is one of the most stately of garden plants. Unfortunately the deadly fungus frequently attacks the plants, and therefore Hollyhocks are not grown to a large extent. With good cultivation and careful treatment they may be grown and flowered to perfection, and will well repay the care bestowed on them. Seedling plants, owing to their robust habit, are perhaps the best to grow. The seeds may be sown in the months of January and February. Plants raised from this sowing will flower the autumn following. Sow in well-drained pots or pans in a rich compost, made porous by a liberal mixture of silver sand. Place the seed-pans in a temperature of about 65 deg. A light position is essential as soon as the seedlings appear. In about a fortnight the young plants will be ready for pricking off into other pots or pans. They grow very fast at this stage, and may soon be potted off singly into 3in. pots. A compost consisting of loam, leaf-mould, decayed Mushroom-bed manure and silver sand should be used. The plants should at no time receive a check, and it is therefore better to give them another shift into 4½ in. pots preparatory to being planted out. Plant out early in



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CUT YEWS AT MOREBY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

country in the early seventies. The value of the plant, however, does not appear to have been fully recognised, for it was apparently lost to cultivation till reintroduced from China by Messrs. James Veitch and Sons, Limited, Chelsea, S.W., through their traveller, Mr. E. H. Wilson, in 1902. When exhibited before the Royal Horticultural Society in January, 1906, it was awarded a first-class certificate. The plant is a common shrub in many parts of Eastern Asia and Java. It is readily propagated by cuttings in spring or in summer. Of easy culture, the plants thrive in a loamy compost, and should be grown outside during the summer in a sunny position. We shall be surprised if it does not stand out of doors throughout the year in the south-west. The earliest rooted plants will require 7in. or 8in. pots for the final potting, 5in. and 6in. pots being large enough for the succeeding batch. Remove the points of the shoots two or three times to encourage a bushy growth, giving manure water liberally when the flowering pots are well filled with roots. The spikes are frequently nearly 2ft. in length, and crowded with small deliciously fragrant white flowers. The leaves and slender stems have a greenish white appearance.

SOME NEW AND POPULAR ROSES.

Among Roses likely to become very popular in the near future may be mentioned Johanna Sebus, which seems to be a glorified Grace Darling. The colour reminds one of that fine sort, but the satiny rose shade is more intense. The growth is very strong, rivalling even that of Grace Darling, and the Rose is just the sort to plant as an isolated bush, in the same way as we should

June. The Hollyhock requires copious supplies of water and a rich soil. During the summer months off-shoots will push up from the base of the plants; these should be removed so as to throw all the strength of the plant into the flowering stem. Place a strong stake to each plant, to which the stem must be secured as growth advances. In tying the plant take care to leave ample room for the swelling of the stem. A heavy mulching with half-decayed manure (cow manure for preference) will be beneficial. Hollyhocks may be grown successfully without artificial heat. Prepare drills (on well-cultivated land) 1ft. apart and 1in. deep. Sow the seed thinly, covering it with about a quarter of an inch of fine soil. If the weather is dry give a gentle sprinkling with water, and as soon as the seedlings appear dust soot over the bed to prevent damage from slugs. In warm districts on light soils the plants may be transplanted straight to their permanent quarters. This should be done in September. Slight protection with Bracken or litter will be all that is needed to protect them during winter. In cold localities and on clay or heavy loam the plants must be potted and placed in cold frames, admitting air when the weather permits. These must be planted out in June. Messrs. Webb and Brand of Saffron Walden, who are perhaps the best growers of the Hollyhock in this country, and who annually exhibit a grand collection at the Royal Horticultural Society, recommend the following as an antidote for rust: 1lb. of tobacco powder, to which is added ¼ oz. of finely-powdered sulphate of copper; mix thoroughly and dust over the leaves, choosing a still day for the operation.

HOCKEY: THE UNIVERSITIES v. LONDON.



A TUSSELE IN MID-FIELD.

IN the middle of such a frost as that of last week, it was not surprising that the state of the ground, greasy on top and hard below, was anything but in favour of steady play. True, the hockey player has not to reckon with heavy falls, but he has to sprint and turn at a pace even faster than at football, and there is no doubt that by such conditions as prevailed last Wednesday at Malden the attacking line on either side was heavily handicapped, while the defence was proportionately aided. However, Mr. Goodwin, the Jesus centre, more than held his own in many an exciting duel with his opposing half, Mr. Gardner. Just before half-time he managed to get through unmarked, and had then little difficulty in scoring the only, and so deciding, goal of the day. The Universities had most of the game in the first half, but the London backs, ably assisted by the smart tackling of Mr. Beldam and Mr. Gardner in front of them, were only caught napping on the single occasion referred to, and in the end the score read: 1 goal to 0 in favour of the Universities. London were unfortunate in the absence from their team of two of their regular forwards, and Mr. Shoveller, their centre in the second half, was robbed of what seemed an almost certain goal by slipping up after passing all his men. Still, that is the beauty of all our outdoor games in

England. Men must be able to play them in all weathers and on all kinds of grounds, and the team which under such conditions as those on Wednesday last managed to keep their footing deserved their success. On the winning side Mr. L. M. Robinson of Peterhouse played a sound game at centre half.

FROM THE FARMS.

THE KING'S SHIRE HORSES.

THE sale of Shire horses at Wolferton on February 9th shows that there is plenty of enterprise still in the patrons of this breed. There were forty-six animals put up, but one met with an accident and had to be withdrawn. The sale opened with brood mares, six of them making a total of 530 guineas. Following this came the four old mares, which caused business to grow more brisk. The first to come into the ring was Hendre Haroldine; her bidding started at 80 guineas, and she was ultimately sold to Mr. Robert Whitehead of Buxton for 140 guineas. The same buyer bought Calliope for 105 guineas, at which price Mr. Holford of Sherborne, Dorset, obtained Bygrave Diamond. Rolleston



"WELL TACKLED!"

Conquest, by Bla'slon Conqueror, fetched 100 guineas. Nine three year olds were offered afterwards, and the prices of them were from 52 guineas to 90 guineas. Five stallions came next—Ravenspur, the well-known black horse foaled in 1902, led them in—and fetched high prices. He was champion at Norwich in 1905, and in 1906 first at the London show of the Shire Horse Society. The bidding began at 200 guineas, but it rose very rapidly, and Ravenspur was finally knocked down to Lord Winterstoke for 825 guineas. The brown stallion named Goldstone, who was very much praised by the auctioneer, was sold for 600 guineas to Mr. Holford. Glastonbury was sold for 135 guineas, Ben Battle for 115 guineas and Brunswick for 88 guineas. Of the yearling colts, Blondel, by Calwich Blend out of Dunsmore Nightingale, started at 50 guineas, but ultimately went to Mr. Holford for 290 guineas. Of the yearling fillies, Romping Girl, by Calwich Blend out of Queen of Bohemia, brought 160 guineas, while Lady Forester, by Lockinge Forest King out of Southernwood Primula, reached 260 guineas, her purchaser being Sir Berkeley Sheffield. Prosperity brought the best price among the two year old fillies; she was purchased by Mr. Williams of Tring for 130 guineas. The total result of the sale was 5,316 guineas, an average of just over 118 guineas. It will be seen that, as compared with the prices obtained at recent sales, the average is a highly satisfactory one.

LAYING HENS.

There are by this time a considerable number of breeders who have built up a reputation for possessing laying strains, and a purchase from one of them is the simplest way of making a start in the right direction. Either day-old chickens, eggs, or stock birds can be bought; the two former methods come, of course, cheaper, and will form the breeding stock for another year. Still, even when a purchase is made from a reliable breeder, to be on the safe side the trap-nest should be employed to weed out the worst of the layers. The eggs of the best layers only should be set, and their progeny, male and female, reserved as breeding stock. When this is done the egg average will begin to improve and go on improving. In one authenticated case in America the egg average in six years was carried from eighty to 160. We are only on the threshold of selecting layers in this country; but already many breeders are largely increasing the number of eggs they get without increasing the stock of fowls. In other words, a great many are exchanging the 100 egg average hen for the 150 egg average hen; and everyone can do it. Foreigners will then have to find another market for their surplus eggs.

THE PRICE OF HAY.

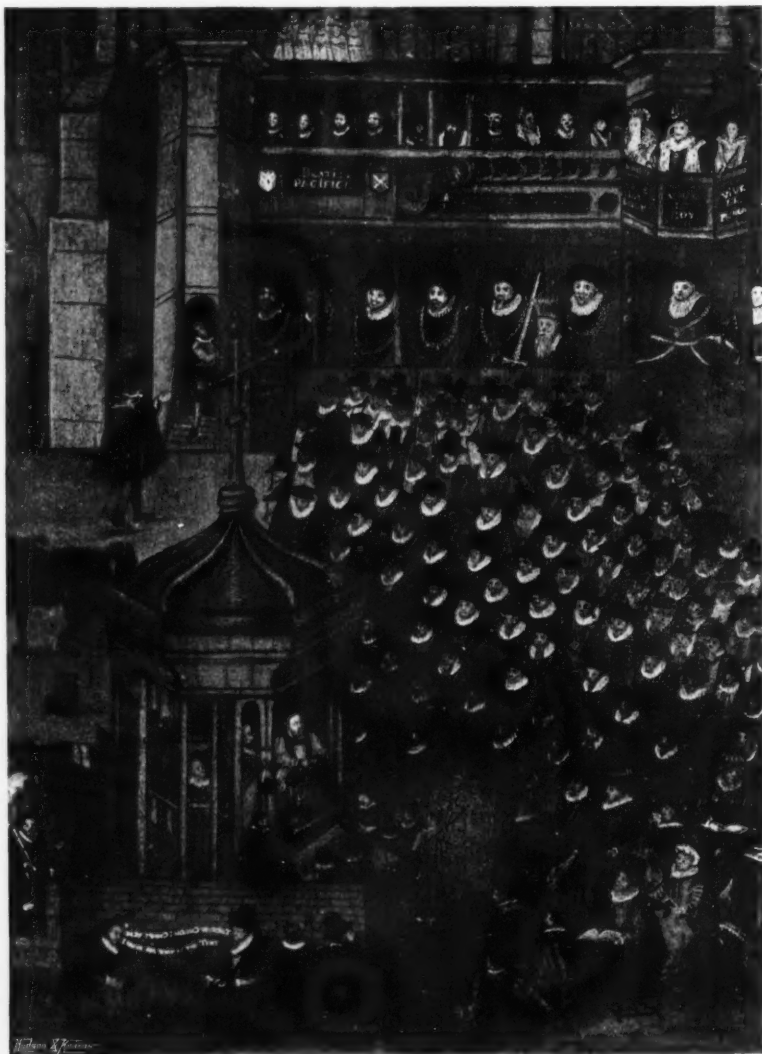
Considering that last year's hay crop was an exceptionally good one in the Northern Counties of England, and by no means a bad one in the South, the present price of hay, rather over than under £4 a ton in the Southern Counties, certainly seems a little too high. Nevertheless, good hay is not to be obtained for less, and though the prospect, as far as can be judged, looks good for the spring pasture, it must be a long while yet before this is really of much service to the stock. In the meanwhile the raiser of stock may take comfort to himself in the reflection that under no circumstances is it at all likely that the price of English hay will rise much above £4 the ton. So soon as it begins to touch such a figure as £4 10s., or anything like that, it must begin to feel the effect of the competition of the Canadian hay, and the demand will fall at once. At any lower price, however, it is certain that English hay, even of a moderate quality, is to

be preferred to the imported Canadian or American. It may appear ungrateful to a gallant colony to say so, but the hay which we get from Canada does not compare favourably with our native product. All that "Timothy grass" and so on, of which the bales are composed, does very well when made into chaff as food for horses in work; but it is dry, and does not appear to have in it much of the constituents of either fat or milk, and therefore seems hardly suitable for milch cows or butcher's stock. Still, at a price it is very acceptable, and certainly it is of much value in preventing English hay from rising to impossible heights of price. In regard to the price of the Canadian hay, it has always to be remembered that the Canadian hundredweight is 100lb., that 20cwt. make a ton in Canada as here, and that in consequence, whereas 2,240lb. weight of hay is obtained when we buy a ton in this country, we are only buying 2,000lb. when a Canadian ton is bought. This is quite obvious, but it is often overlooked.

PAUL'S CROSS . . . NEW AND OLD.

SO Paul's Cross is to rise again in the shadow of Wren's cathedral, the legacy of a pious King's Counsel being about to be applied to the work. Our history of the old cross of Paul's is far from complete. There was a cross here at the north-east corner of the cathedral long ages ago, but what manner of cross it was no man knows. Old Stowe himself was at fault even for a legend of its beginning: "the very antiquity of that cross," says he, "is to me unknown." But folk-motes of Londoners were being held here at any rate in the thirteenth century, all citizens, on pain of fine, assembling when they heard the bell clang. We know, too, what business passed at the cross. Bulls of the Pope were read from its steps, excommunications were launched, and penitents were brought here for public shame. Proclamations were made of war and peace, of the births and deaths of royal folk, and news of victory made known, Carlyle having the right word when he saw in Paul's Cross "a kind of Times newspaper."

No picture preserves for us the likeness of the more ancient cross at which the Dean of St. Paul's in 1279 laid his solemn curse upon all those wicked ones who had rifled the church of St. Martin in search of a hoard of gold. It may well have been but a cross standing on high steps like that of its neighbour in Cheapside, the churchyard cross of the metropolitan church. Lightning struck and broke it in the fifteenth century, wherefor Thomas Kempe, the Bishop of London, rebuilt it from the ground about 1448, a great pulpit of timber raised above stone steps, roofed with a leaden dome and topped with a tall cross. Much of the history of England eddied about this new cross. Dr. Shaw, a subtle preacher, chosen for the work because the city knew him at its feasts, being brother to Sir Edmund Shaw its Lord Mayor, was mounted up in it for his famous sermon on the June day in 1483 which was to make all the citizens throw up their caps for Richard of Gloucester. The dead king Edward's marriage was void by reason of a fore-contract, his children were bastards, and if London would have a rightful king, who should rule his people righteously, there he comes walking from his lodging



PAUL'S CROSS.

in Castle Baynard. Citizens turned their heads to look for this good lord, but Dr. Shaw had timed the phrase ill. At that moment Richard should have passed the skirts of the crowd, awakening their enthusiasm with a gracious word and a smile. His lingering at Castle Baynard damped down Dr. Shaw's peroration. The older men grinned knowingly among themselves, and only a few hot-blooded 'prentices and wastrels shouted for an answer to the preacher. Every stage of the breach with Rome was marked at the cross, from whose pulpit was read out the royal edict by which citizens were to learn that he that then called himself Pope, who was in truth but the Bishop of Rome, had no more authority in this realm than any other bishop had, "which is nothing at all"—King Henry VIII. being on his throne. Here by the cross were shown the false relics carted up from the country by the royal commissioners, the Rood of Boxley among them with its twitching wires by which the eyes had opened upon its worshippers, and here that Rood was burned in the place where Tindal's Bible had burned and where the Pope's sentence on Martin Luther, the High Dutch heretic, had been read beside Wolsey's chair. Bonner preached here the sermon against the King's supremacy, which brought him to the Marshalsea Gaol, and here Hooper answered Bonner after his noisy fashion. The city hated Bonner, for when Dr. Bourne, in the first year of Bloody Mary, spoke of the bishop's sufferings, "liar" was shouted from the crowd, and a knife whirled up very near to the doctor's ears.

Almost every great preaching prelate from Latimer to Laud mounted, in his turn, the steps of this old cross; a famous place for sermons, but not one affected by Puritan precisians, because of the sign high over the preacher's head. The city attended here in all its state, the Lord Mayor coming with the sword borne before him, his aldermen in scarlet for the great festivals

and in violet for lesser days. Our illustration shows greater company. It is taken from a painted diptych in the collection of the Society of Antiquaries, by whose courtesy we have been allowed to picture it here. The diptych was painted in 1616 by a Dutchman for one Henry Farley, a private man, so zealous for the fabric of the cathedral that for eight years he importuned his King to have compassion upon its decayed fabric and to stir up benefactors who would help to restore the lead-covered steeple, which had been destroyed by fire or lightning in 1561.

In 1595 the pulpit cross of Paul's was "new repayred, painted and partly inclosed with a wal of bricke," and in this restored cross we see a bishop preaching the cause of the fabric before a great company of comfortable citizens and before King James and his Queen and the hopeful Prince Charles, who look down from the wooden galleries, built in 1569 to cover the Lord Mayor, the aldermen and their dames.

Paul's Cross shared the fate of the crosses at Chepe and Charing. Its pulpit had heard sound Puritan doctrine, as witness the sermon which sent home the parishioners of St. Andrew Undershaft to saw their wicked idol the maypole into convenient lengths for burning, but nothing could save a pulpit with a gilded cross above it. It came down in 1643, and its very site was forgotten until its pavement was found of late when the churchyard was laid out as a garden. If Mr. Richards's bequest rebuilds it on the old site, the pulpit will be close to the north-east or Cheapside corner of Wren's cathedral. It will be at least an interesting monument in memory of a London which has passed away, for the fierce appetite for sermons has notably died down, and our Lord Mayors and aldermen will not gladly give three days of Whitsuntide to attending in scarlet or violet at Paul's Cross.

NEW LIABILITIES OF COUNTRY EMPLOYERS.—I.

SELDOME has a statute been passed by our Parliament with so misleading a title as the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906. The reason for this is to be found in the history of its career in the House of Commons. Originally introduced as a Bill to amend the Workmen's Compensation Acts of former years, which had only applied to people engaged in certain risky occupations, it was extended to include not only all persons employed in manual labour, indoor or out, domestic servants, but also, with some defined exceptions, all other persons of either sex who are engaged to render service with hand or brain. After July 1st next, no one who is employing another in any capacity will be safe from the liability of having to pay a lump sum of from £150 to £300 or an annuity for life amounting possibly to £52 a year, if that individual dies or is permanently disabled by an accident "arising out of and in the course of the employment," unless he falls within the exceptions enumerated in the Act. But, while this is the general effect of the measure, innumerable questions will arise as to whether, in a particular case, the accident is one in respect of which compensation is payable or the employee is one entitled to be compensated, and also as to the amount of compensation to be paid. In spite of the general deterrent effect which the Act is calculated to have on the multiplication of contracts of employment, it seems likely to lead to a very extensive employment of lawyers to settle these questions. How far they in their turn will be entitled to compensation if they meet with an accident while engaged on the case is another question which is raised by this remarkable Act, and without much exercise of the imagination it would be easy to multiply problems arising out of this new piece of legislation which will pass the wit of man, be he layman or lawyer, to solve until decisions from the Bench shall guide him.

The new liability will evidently affect employers who are resident in the country more than those who live in towns. Dwellers in towns have their domestic servants, and possibly their coachmen or chauffeurs. If they are engaged in business they will also have their clerks and workpeople. For all of these they will become liable after the end of the present half-year. But the owners of estates in the country have, in addition, their regular gamekeepers, gardeners, stablemen, carpenters and farm labourers; there are besides a number of persons continually employed on odd jobs; and the risk of accident in the case of all these people is far greater than in the case of individuals employed in towns. To all regular employees compensation will be payable by the employer if they suffer personal injury by accident arising out of and in the course of the employment, whether it cause their death or disable them for not less than one week from earning full wages at their work. What is an accident arising out of and in the course of the employment? Do the words include an accident that takes place outside the hours when the employee

is actually at work? That would seem to depend upon circumstances. In the case of a gamekeeper who, by the terms of his engagement, was required to occupy a particular cottage on the estate, an injury caused by a fire in that cottage would seem to have been sustained in the course of his employment and to have arisen out of it. But the same could not be said of a farm labourer who lived in the adjoining village and was killed or maimed by a fire which broke out in his cottage at night. Nor could compensation be claimed if the farm labourer was run over by a motor-car while going to or returning from his employment; but, of course, if he be so run over while in charge of cattle, either going to market or being moved from one pasture to another, compensation would be payable.

There is a remarkable clause in the Act about injuries caused by the serious and wilful misconduct of the employee himself. Compensation in such cases is only payable if the injury results in death or in disablement which is both serious and permanent. The question will, however, frequently arise whether a particular instance of wilful misconduct is serious or not. One would have supposed that it would always be serious if it led to a serious disaster, but the Act appears to imply otherwise. Then, again, it will often be difficult to decide whether the injury, if serious, will also be permanent, or, if clearly permanent, is also of a positively serious character.

But the greatest difficulties under the Act and the most startling curiosities in its operation will undoubtedly arise in connection with the exceptions which it engrafts on the general right of employees to compensation. The right cannot be claimed by a person whose remuneration exceeds £250 a year, unless he is engaged in manual labour; nor by members of the employer's family dwelling in his house (but these are defined so as not to include an uncle or nephew or more distant relation); nor by outworkers, that is to say, persons to whom articles are given out to be made up, cleaned or repaired; nor by an individual "whose employment is of a casual nature," unless he is employed for the purposes of the employer's trade or business. It would seem that a private secretary or a tutor living in the house could only claim compensation if it were shown that his salary, plus the money value of his board and lodging, did not exceed £250 a year. But a landowner or farmer who employs as his agent or bailiff a son not living in his house, or a nephew or cousin, whether living in his house or not, will incur a liability to compensate. The greatest anomalies, however, will arise out of the provision as to casual employment. The consideration of these, and of the mode in which the amount of compensation to be paid in each case is arrived at, and of the precautions to be taken by employers against the new risks to which they will become liable in little more than four months from the present time, must be postponed till next week.

P. V. SMITH.

SHOOTING.

WAPITI AND WOLVES ON VANCOUVER ISLAND.

FOR some extraordinary reason the wapiti is to-day universally known to American hunters throughout the length and breadth of the continent by the erroneous name of elk. How the mistake originally arose does not appear clear, but the fact remains that many American sportsmen are hardly acquainted with the word wapiti, and many Europeans, accustomed to the true elk of Northern Europe, expect on hearing this name to see an animal more like the American moose than this noble round-horned specimen of the deer tribe. It is only during comparatively recent years that sportsmen have turned their attention to the quest of wapiti on Vancouver Island. And even now only a small number of Englishmen or others visiting the island have actually seen or killed a wapiti there. Before the season of 1897, when two well-known sportsmen, Mr. Paget and Colonel Claude Cane, made an extended trip along the Western Coasts of Vancouver Island, sportsmen of the outside world were somewhat sceptical as to the presence in that locality of any considerable quantity of wapiti. But on the return of these two pioneers the trophies which they displayed caused many other hunters to wonder whether or no Wyoming was the only place still remaining in which they might hope to get a good specimen of these animals. It must not, however, be inferred from this remark that the heads on the island are equal in size to those which were formerly, or even now are occasionally, obtained from the mainland of America. But the hunter who can put up with a certain amount of discomfort and hard work is sure to be rewarded by a trip to the island. Moreover, it is alarming to note the rate at which wapiti are decreasing in numbers on the mainland. The writer is honoured by the friendship of one who, among other great qualities, can justly lay claim to being a foremost figure in the ranks of American sportsmen. This man, who to-day holds the most coveted position as President of the United States, has probably no prouder boast than that he has ever been a leading and successful champion in the cause of

all men who care for big-game-hunting, should combine to prevent the extermination of this stately and beautiful animal, the lordliest of the deer kind in the entire world." Although wapiti are found in most of the unmolested valleys in the northern and central parts of Vancouver Island, they are seldom seen in the southern districts, and this is probably owing to the latter parts being the most thickly populated. The numerous bays



INLAND WATER. VANCOUVER ISLAND.

and inlets on the West Coast are undoubtedly the best places in which to hunt to-day. The place at which a sportsman will probably first arrive on the island, and where he should finally outfit for an expedition, will undoubtedly be Victoria. This charmingly situated, picturesque town, with its excellent club and host of good sportsmen living there, will probably savour to a wanderer more of the old country than any other place which he may have visited in British dominions over the seas—a town which my friend Mr. Clive Phillips Wolley has recently so aptly described in the following words: "Victoria is assuredly to-day the great gateway to the sportsmen's Edens of the North and West, and in her club you will find the tracks of most of the Nimrods of our century." The actual journey from

London to Victoria is a mere nothing in these days of fast ships and luxurious trans-Continental trains, and occupies less than twelve days, during which time the traveller, to whom this journey is a novelty, will be rewarded with an endless panorama of great cities, vast prairies or lofty mountains as he traverses the great American Continent. But many roads lead to Victoria, and the writer finally arrived there in October of the past year by way of the Bering Sea and North Pacific Ocean, after having spent a spring and summer in the arctic regions of Siberia and Alaska.

To start in search of wapiti on Vancouver Island late in October is truly to court discomfort and hardships, and is not to be recommended save to those who are impervious to the effects of rain, since at this period of the year on the West Coast a fine day is a rare event, and a week's continual rain is a common occurrence. Early September is decidedly the best time for



A FINE WAPITI FOR THE ISLAND.

preserving the big game of the American Continent which he loves so well. It is ominous to hear Mr. Roosevelt say that "good heads are getting steadily rarer under the persecution which has thinned the herds," and next to the bison the wapiti is, of all the big-game animals of North America, the one whose range has most decreased. Again he writes a touching appeal to all true sportsmen: "Surely all men who care for Nature, no less than

hunting wapiti, as then the bulls draw down with the cows into the river valleys and remain there in fairly accessible country for several weeks. Let us glance for a moment at a typical haunt of the wapiti in September. Imagine a vast inland arm of the sea, many miles long, with several bays separated from each other by lofty timber-clad mountains. In at the head of each bay flows a river, coming in cascades and



NEVER MORE TO RUN WITH THE PACK.

turbulent rapids from its source far back in the mountains. The river valleys are narrow, with bold, steep and densely wooded sides. Here grow gigantic cedars, or white pines, thickly interspersed with majestic hemlock trees, their vast bulk and height exciting the admiration of a spectator.

Where windfalls have caused the forest giants to lie in tangled masses, endless labour and patience are needed to surmount the obstacles. The valleys are thickly overgrown with dense jungles of prickly devil's club, or salmon berry bushes, and clumps of alders mingled with dwarf willows, while here and there we come on small open glades. In such places the wapiti are found. Here they wander for weeks by day and night, alternately feeding or lying down to rest, but traversing a very small distance in a day if undisturbed. Hence, when the hunter strikes fresh tracks it behoves him henceforward to keep a sharp look-out, as probably by following their tracks he will soon come upon a band of them either feeding or lying down. It cannot be claimed that any great element of skill is required for such a form of stalking, which is called by the Americans "still-hunting," since, given a fair wind and a noiseless hunter, the wapiti is one of the most foolish wild animals on earth. And it was thus that the writer killed his first wapiti. He came suddenly on a band of seven cows and a bull all lying down in short brushwood. The bull's horns were partly visible above the brush, but to make sure that he carried a perfect head he had to be roused to a standing position. In order to do this it was necessary to kick a fallen log, in spite of the fact that his intending slayer stood a short distance away, and almost in full view of him. The poor beast leisurely raised himself to a standing position and gazed solemnly around, thus displaying a noble head and affording an easy mark. No sooner had the shot been fired and the bull fallen dead than the seven cows stood up and trotted slowly round in a circle, ever and anon standing a few yards distant to gaze inquisitively at the slayer of their late lord and master. A truly beautiful sight to a lover of wild nature, and a grand opportunity for the camera, but one which made the hunter feel sorry for his deed, and the childlike simplicity of his quarry, noble beast though he was.

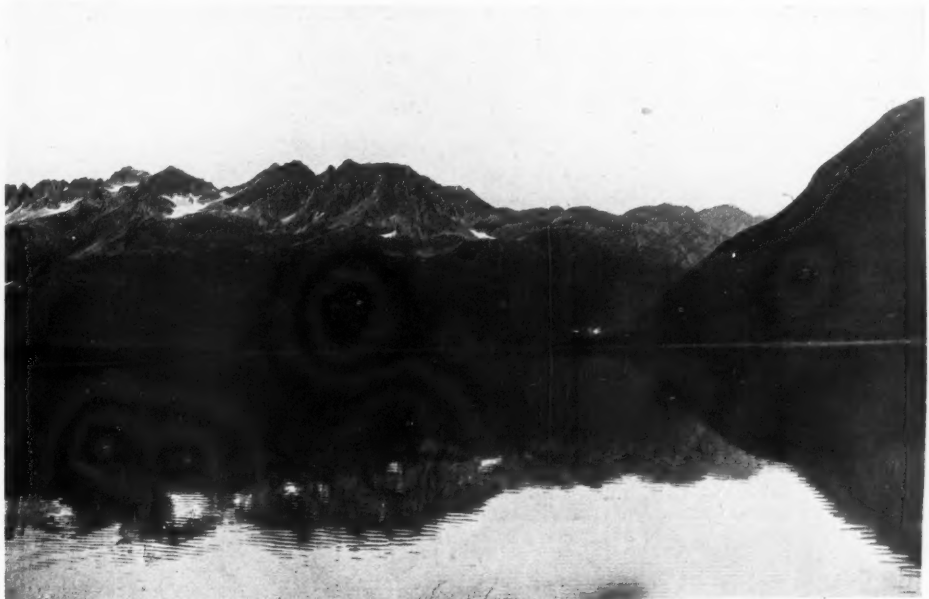
And the hand of man is not the only enemy with which the wapiti on Vancouver Island have to contend. Wolves roam freely, and are ever increasing on the island. The bounty now paid by the Government for destroying these brutes is small, being a matter of 2dol. per head. As the native Siwash Indians are about the most lazy, indolent and worthless individuals on earth, this small sum

is no inducement to them to destroy vermin when they can still with little trouble catch all the fish and kill as many wapiti or small black-tail deer on the island as they need for food. During his last trip after wapiti on the island the writer happened to pitch his camp in a valley infested by wolves, where these cruel brutes could be heard howling continuously by day and night. It was a matter of no small satisfaction to him that he came face to face with two of them hunting by daylight, and thereby lessened the numbers by two of these pests, a performance which is not of common occurrence in those dense forests where wolves are seldom seen in daytime. The reader must not imagine that all trips after wapiti on Vancouver Island are in the nature of a picnic. There is no doubt that wapiti abound there in considerable numbers, also the black-tail deer. Furthermore, black bears are numerous, and with luck one or two of them may be procured in a trip on the island. But persistent rains fall in early autumn with a continuance which is appalling. Wading, or half swimming, through swollen rivers, or crossing them on slippery fallen logs, is the order of the day. Forcing a way through tangled brushwood, or climbing over innumerable windfalls of huge trees, tries the patience of most hardened veteran hunters. Moreover, the West Coast can furnish gales and rough seas which will long linger in the memory of those who suffer from *mal de mer*. In short, the writer thinks that anyone who has killed a good wapiti on Vancouver Island may afterwards look back on the event, or glance at the head on his wall, and say that he has honestly earned it. But, in spite of all, we reflect with strange yearnings on those memorable days spent in solitude among wild primeval forests, where the seal of man's handiwork is scarcely yet visible. Where also the hunter's best friend and solace is his pipe by the camp fireside, and a full cooking-pot, with dry blankets neath a good tent, is all that man's heart desires when he seeks a well-earned rest as the shades of night creep on.

C. E. RADCLYFFE.

THE IMPROVED WIRE CARTRIDGE.

HEAVY snow at Christmas-tide over a good deal of the country-side, and further severe cold later, helped to turn more than usual attention this year to the wildfowl which came in on the Eastern Coasts, and probably wherever the salt water kept the foreshore soft and warm, in large numbers. Then the question of what is practically the old wire cartridge came up again for discussion, and, in some cases at least, for practical experiment. The idea of the old "wire cartridge"—older than the breech-loading gun, for we used it in the ancient muzzle-loaders—was to have the charge of shot enclosed in a casing of fine wire-netting. This had the effect of keeping the shot balled together for a certain distance of their flight, and of keeping them very closely concentrated even after the expansive force had caused them to burst the wire casing, and so of increasing their killing range. It had the effect, in fine, of an extremely heavy choke in the barrel of the gun. There is a method, well known to the wildfowler, by which the same effect may be contrived with the ordinary modern cartridge. The plan is to cut the cartridge almost through, just about halfway down, and just at such a point as to cut in two the wad between the powder and the shot. It should be so far cut as to leave only a small connecting strip of the casing. The result is, that when the powder is ignited the cut-off end of the cartridge is forced right out at the muzzle containing the shot, just as the wire casing contains them, and holding them together for the first several yards of their flight. Its action is, in fact, exactly analogous with that of the wire cartridge, and really does seem to have the effect of increasing the killing range very considerably. Whether it is good for the gun, of which the breech must surely be subjected to a severe strain in the forcing out of this case, which



ON THE ALASKAN COAST.

is made only to fit the chamber, may be very questionable indeed; and we have, again, with this method (and in an aggravated form) the trouble which used to be always present with the old wire cartridge, namely, the uncertainty at what distance from the shooter the expansive force of the shot would cause them to burst their prison. It is evident that if the casing was strong enough to control this force altogether, it would make the missile equivalent to a bullet and contract its killing circle ridiculously. On the other hand, if it allowed the shot to escape too soon, it would then be of very little value in increasing their killing impact. As in other cases, the just mean was always difficult to attain, and the reason why it is more difficult to attain this with the slit cartridge than with the wire casing is that the cases of cartridges are made of such different materials, such as paper, pegamoid, etc., and on the difference of their strength much must depend. We are not at all sure that the right conclusion at which to arrive about all this business is not that it had better be left entirely alone; but if that is not to be accepted, then it is quite certain that it is as well to make some experiments at a target, so as to arrive at some idea of how the missile is likely to behave, before taking it out and firing it off at wild-fowl or other game.

[Further notes on Shooting will be found on our later pages.]

HEDGEROW BERRIES.

WHEN the last pale leaves are quivering upon the hazel, before every twig is bare of all but the little pale catkins, waiting to expand into "lambs'-tails" in the earliest warm gleams of spring; and the maple, casting aside its autumn robe of old gold, can no longer conceal its twisted limbs and wrinkled bark; and the dark rind of the blackthorn glistens between a sprinkling of sloes, that may still be grey with bloom—to the eye that will look with attention the hedgerow for a short period displays a feast of brilliant colour. This does not last long; it is only waiting for the invited guests. There is no fixed time for the banquet, but as soon as the frosts bind up the earth and cover the shallow ditch with "cat's-ice," hungry visitors will come in their thousands. Everything eatable will be consumed in no time, and those poisonous berries that were but ornament will drop off with the cold. Then the darkness of winter settles, though for a very brief while, upon each sombre bush. To stand but a short distance from some old neglected hedgerow that has been allowed to run wild, and to look along its length as it narrows away in perspective, is the way to see this surpassing richness at its best. The hairy willow-herbs, the dead hecksies, with the faded yellow grasses that spring from the ditch, make a background of brown drab, and above them huge mats of wild clematis hang down, still clad in their feathery grey robes. On the bramble, with its dull leaves, that underneath are almost white, remains a glistening blackberry, and here and there, among a cluster of hard green fruit, a belated flower. Where the wild roses were so thick in summer the briars are now covered with crimson hips which glisten and glow against the sadder background. They may remain some little time. The seeds within are covered with hairs. The red shells at first are hard, but the flesh becomes soft and sweet when it is ripe, and then the small birds eat it and shed the seed. The hips of the dog rose were formerly made into a conserve much used in pharmacy. It seems also, to judge by the warning of William Turner, "Doctor of Physik," who wrote an "Herball" in the reign of Edward VI., that in earlier days our ancestors did not altogether scorn them for a pastry fruit. "Ye must beware that ye eat none of the downe that is within. For it is very perilous for the throte and winde pype. Let them therefore take hede that make tartes of Heppes, that they purge them well from the downe."

Beside the hips, upon the briar of the dog rose you may often see small mossy tufts of a bright green, which turns to crimson as the winter draws on. Country children call them "Robin Redbreast's Cushions." These small excrescences add their little to the brilliancy of the hedgerow. They were caused by the puncture of a small gall-fly, and both conceal and feed the tiny worms that may be found within. High up in the hedge you may see the round fruit of the red-berried bryony. Its slender vine has twisted and insinuated itself into the thickest places, and a few weeks ago its large heart-shaped leaves were a common feature among the summer foliage. It is poisonous, and its berries will hang untouched until they drop from their frost-bitten stems. Hidden in the bank below it may have a root of enormous size, taking into consideration the slight habit of the plant, and very frequently forked. When the mandrake was valued among other things as a charm to keep away demons, the root of the red-berried bryony, with a little judicious carving, could be sometimes fashioned into the shape of a man and sold to the unwary. No doubt it answered just as well; yet the bryony is not even a mandragora. Strangely enough, it belongs to the gourd family; and the so-called black bryony which you may find near by is neither a bryony nor black. Its fruit in summer somewhat resembles the small bunches of green grapes grown on the south front of many an old-fashioned farmhouse, but in autumn the berries ripen into a deep red. Near neighbours to these are the duller-coloured clusters that have replaced

the fragrant honeysuckles, and where the little purple yellow-eyed flower of the woody nightshade once straggled there are now clusters of scarlet berries more tempting in appearance than the finest red currants that ever garden produced. Thus the tangle of the old hedgerow is adorned with ornaments which neither coral nor rubies could outvie.

Beyond the mass of wild clematis is a guelder rose; some people call it the rose elder. In July it was covered with the large cymes of white flowers which children call "snowballs," of which the outer blossoms were so much larger than the inner. Its leaves turned early to their autumnal reds, and have dropped away; but its drooping clusters of shining berries, the colour of cornelian, that glisten in the light, will remain into the winter, for the birds do not care for them. In contrast to the guelder rose comes a sombre patch of privet. It still bears its leaves, for in winter these only take on a sootier hue, against which its bunches of black berries shine like jet. After the early frosts they become moist with a purple juice, and were formerly then gathered to be used for dyeing. Now they are left upon the hedgerow, and in a mild winter may stay until the fresh green leaves begin to appear in spring. Birds do not care for them if they can get anything else. But when all the hips, of which the bullfinch is very fond, are gone, and before the gooseberry buds are sufficiently advanced to his taste, he will eat them freely. So will partridges towards the end of winter if times are bad.

The glory of the hedgerow as of the copse is the spindle tree. In many countries it bears this name, for its wood, being fine and hard, was formerly commonly used for making spindles. Its berry when ripe is of a rich carmine, and has four lobes containing within each one seed. In France it also goes by the name of "bonnet du prêtre," from the three-cornered shape of its capsules. During the month of November these burst open and discover each one a seed of a most brilliant orange colour. Then they may claim to be the brightest of all our English berries. The finest charcoal for the use of the artist is made from the wood of the spindle tree.

Another shrub which adds richness to the late autumn hedgerow is the common dogwood, for all its young shoots are bright red. The few remaining leaves are of a deep purple, and so also are its abundant clusters of fruit, though they gradually become almost black. Its wood is little used to-day, but in ancient times from its straight wands were made the arrows of the English yeomen, and later still the ramrods of the muzzle-loading fowling-pieces. Its connection with war and sport is not, however, even now entirely broken off, for it burns freely and makes the best charcoal for gunpowder.

The old hawthorn, that late in spring was clad in a white mantle with fragrant may, is now of a deep dull red. It shed its leaves full early, but its berries are thick on every twig as the blossoms were in spring. As yet it is a mass of warm colour in the hedgerow, while most of the berry-bearing climbers and bushes are but spangled with gems. But scattered over the meadow beside it are fieldfares busily searching for food upon the soft, grassy earth. They do not trouble about the haws while the weather is so kind. They are in a land of plenty and contentment, until hard frosts drive every worm deep into the ground and harden it to iron. Then the fieldfares will gather into a flock, clear every haw from the whitethorn bush in a few hours, and wander southward in quest of more. Then the missel-thrushes will visit the holly, and but for its shining leaves and the glistening ivy, very soon the hedgerow will look bare.

But the frugal ivy is still covered with its yellowish green flowers, which will turn to berries when all the hips and haws are gone, and provide food during the coming famine of the end of winter and early spring.

WALTER RAYMOND.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AGE OF HILL STAGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Theories of deer-forest management must be based upon the facts of natural history, and therefore I ask your permission to point out that the experienced professional stalker whose views are quoted in your issue of January 26th (page 140) is mistaken in his belief that Scotch hill stags reach their prime at seven years old, and, allowing for individual variation, decline at eleven. In point of fact, a hill stag under natural conditions, although he looks full-grown at seven, does not attain his prime till twelve, and, allowing for individual variation, he will remain in a stationary state for some half-dozen years thereafter. I am not surprised, however, that any present-day stalker, professional or otherwise, should make a mistake of the kind, because stags are killed nowadays at such very early ages—from three years old upwards—that in most deer-forests a twelve year old stag must be as great a rarity as the okapi. Sixty years ago, before the combined work of Scape and Landseer had made deer-stalking not only a passion but a fashion, which gave deer-forests a high commercial value, there were plenty of old stags in the Highlands locally known by familiar marks which permitted annual identification, and at this period the boot was on the other foot, for the age of a stag was computed at anything from fifty to 150 years. The truth lies in the mean. When Rhidorrach was first cleared, about 1840, there was an old-time stag there known to the new stalkers as Old Bo, and annually identified by a peculiar twist

in one of his points, which was reproduced from year to year. Old Bo carried a royal head when first seen, and he continued to carry this head for thirteen seasons. In his fourteenth season, from the time the forest was cleared, he put out a thirteenth point, but his antlers appeared longer and somewhat thinner, and he was regretfully sacrificed to grace a wedding feast of the Clan Mackenzie. This stag could not have been less than twenty years old, and how much more? One swallow does not make a summer, and I, therefore, may give from the Jura records an exact parallel to Old Bo. R. D. Campbell, fourth laird of Jura, fired at and missed a particularly fine stag with a royal head which haunted the mouth of a bushy glen about a mile from Jura House. This stag was respited for twelve years, during which period he exhibited no change of any kind in either head or body from the time when first observed. He was in perfect condition when killed, and cannot have been much less than twenty years old. That the above are not exceptional cases of cervine longevity was conclusively demonstrated in Jura deer-forest by the late Henry Evans, who, like the late Lord Selkirk at Kildermorie, saved his big stags for the pleasure of seeing them grow, and verified his conclusions by experiments only possible in an island forest. For example, he observed on an outlying beat in 1891 a heavy stag with a fourteen-point head, and carefully watched this deer for ten years, making every effort to find the shed antlers, which, when found, were carefully weighed and compared with those of the previous year. The head of this stag reached its zenith in 1897, when Evans judged the deer to be at least sixteen years old, and probably more, but the antlers of 1898 and 1899 were still up to the mark. In 1900, when the stag was sacrificed to the kindly wish that an old friend should possess a desirable trophy, the head had distinctly lost calibre, but the animal cannot then have been far from his twentieth year. It will be readily understood that stags in confinement, and with artificial feeding, both mature earlier and decline earlier than deer in a state of nature, and therefore the following experiment, which took place at Blair Castle fifty years ago, may be said entirely to confirm the results with wild deer independently obtained by Evans. Four stags, caught on the hill as calves, were kept in an enclosure, heavily fed in winter, and watched for sixteen years. All the shed antlers were picked up and mounted for comparison year by year. One of these stags improved till he was nine years old, and remained stationary till he was fifteen, when he became diseased and was shot. Two improved till they were eleven years old and remained stationary till they were sixteen, when they became diseased and were shot. The fourth was still improving at thirteen years old, when he was unfortunately killed in a fight. The late Edward Ross, who was much interested in the foregoing experiment, agreed with Evans that a wild stag does not reach his prime till his twelfth year, and I venture to quote his opinion because he spent his life among hill deer and had his father's extensive experience to draw upon as well as his own. Ross held that a stag will continue to gain in head after he has ceased to gain in body, and to this, I think, we may add that a stag begins to decline in bodily vigour before he loses calibre in his head. Of the latter supposition a remarkable illustration is afforded by Lord Burton's famous twenty-pointer, which, in spite of an exceptionally fine season, was in miserable condition and without doubt was a very old stag. The fencers who annually repaired the sheep-fence between Glenkingie and Knoydart had for some years previously reported a stag in that quarter with a wonderful head, and it was at this identical spot that the twenty-pointer, disturbed by sheep, ran into Lord Burton's party. The year of the twenty-pointer, 1893, will always be remembered by the present generation of deer-stalkers and taxidermists on account of the exceptional number and quality of the Scottish red deer heads sent up for preservation. By the majority of stalkers, including the eminent naturalist, Mr. J. A. Harvie-Brown, this record harvest of antlers was considered the result of a fine spring. Yet we have had fine springs since then, and no 1893 in the deer-forests. As a matter of fact, the antler harvest of 1893 was really due to the retirement from the Highlands of the late Mr. W. L. Winans. Two hundred and fifty thousand acres of deer-forest were thereby thrown upon the market, and much of this ground had enjoyed a close time for thirteen years. Twelve year old stags for once became possible trophies, and the result showed what a hill stag can do if he gets a fair chance. To take a single instance, on Fasnakyle, Knockfin and Luib-na-damph, rented as one forest by Colonel W. H. Walker, 200 stags were killed, of which ninety exceeded an average of ten points per head and 15st. clean weight, but including heart, lungs and liver. I quite admit that point values are not a decisive test of antler growth, but until Scottish deer-stalkers adopt the Continental principle of weighing their trophies no decisive test is available.—ALLAN GORDON CAMERON.

AN OLD SHETLAND WATER-MILL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I beg to enclose a photograph which you may consider worth publication. It was taken during a short visit to Shetland. It is that of a



primitive Shetland water-mill, many of which may still be seen in various parts of the islands, though for all practical purposes they are extinct. They are very roughly constructed of stones piled one on top of the other, the roof being composed of peats and clods of earth, which are pegged down.—JOSEPH SIDWELL.

ROUGH WEATHER IN THE ATLANTIC.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph taken on the s.s. Philadelphia, which sailed for New York from Southampton on January 12th, and was overtaken by a blizzard in mid-ocean on the 16th. This photograph was taken the next day, and shows a portion of the promenade deck with the taffrail and shrouds



covered with frozen snow. It is said that the ship was carrying at least 300 tons of snow by the morning, and that such severe weather had not been known in mid-Atlantic for twelve years. The shrouds were as thick round as a man's body, and the mast was swollen to treble its usual size.—O.

BIRDS SHAMMING DEATH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reference to the letter in your issue of the 26th ult., the following incident will probably be of interest to the writer. My wife one day observed a starling at a window in an empty house striving hard to reach the open air. Being a great lover of animals, she suggested I should endeavour to rescue it, and after considerable difficulty I managed to gain admittance to the house, and eventually effected a capture. It immediately seemed to collapse, became quite stiff and rigid, and was to all appearance dead. When I rejoined my wife, who was waiting outside, I laid the bird on a window-sill, remarking that I had had all my trouble for nothing; but to our intense surprise, without the slightest warning, it suddenly flew away. At the time we thought that in its fright at being caught the poor bird must have been seized with a sort of fit or fainting attack, but since reading Mr. Hookham's letter it has occurred to us that possibly it was another case of shamming death.—DEVONIA.

GOLDFINCH RETURNING TO ITS CAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A few years ago I had a goldfinch which I had bought from a bird-catcher; it got very tame, and I used to hang it outside on fine days. Feeling sure it would return, I opened the cage door one day, and it flew about the garden, returning after about two hours. It did this for some days, till at last it never came back.—J. DUDLEY.

REMINISCENCES OF PETERHOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As you have had an article recently on Peterhouse, Cambridge, the following extract from "Court and State Jests in Noble Drollery" may be of interest: "One Mistress Mary Dale of Bristol was an affectionate benefactor to Peterhouse in Cambridge. She founded two fellowships and two scholarships there, and proffered more if on her terms it might be accepted. For she would have settled lands on that house to the value of £500 per annum on condition it should be called 'The College of Peter and Mary.' This Doctor Scanez, then Master of the house, refused, affirming that St. Peter, who so long had lived single, was now too old to have a feminine partner." This Mary Dale married Sir Thomas Ramsey, Alderman and Lord Mayor of London in 1577. She died in 1596, and was buried in Christchurch, London.—HYLTON B. DALE.

THE RENOVATION OF OLD FENCES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The fence of which the illustration referred to by your correspondent was obtained is situated on the North-East Coast of Yorkshire, not far from the sea, and where hounds seldom hunt. It so happens that the field belongs to a small farmer in a district where it would be very difficult to obtain willow stakes except from a long distance away, which the owner, perchance, could not afford, and would not take the trouble to obtain. Farmers in that part of the Riding are of a race not too well off in this world's riches, and generally erect the most efficient protection to their fences which they can obtain at the least possible cost to themselves.—A. H. ROBINSON.



LORD WOLVERTON'S BIG SALMON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The salmon of which I send a photograph was killed on October 26th last year by Lord Wolverton, on the Dupplin Castle Water of the Earn, with a Wilkinson fly. Weight 49lb., length 51½ in., girth 28 in. It was, I believe, the largest fish taken with the rod last year in Great Britain. I took the photograph the morning after the fish was caught.—GUY M. VERNON.

MOCK SUNS IN CANADA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Seeing a letter in COUNTRY LIFE of January 26th re "Mock Suns," I beg to say that both mock suns and mock moons, or sun dogs and moon dogs, are of quite common occurrence in Canada, and are a sure sign of storms. I have lived there for twenty years.—A. J. C.

COTTAGE ARCHITECTURE IN ESSEX.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is characteristic of the neglect of the county of Essex that in a new and otherwise admirable publication dealing with old English country cottages, the cottages of Essex are altogether ignored. And yet the decorated plaster of the cottages in the Saffron Walden district is at least as delightful and distinctive a treatment as the grey and yellow stone of Gloucestershire or the warm red brick of Warwickshire. The Crown House at Newport, Essex, is rather more than a cottage, but it exhibits at their best the decorative characteristics of many cottages in the neighbourhood. It was once the Horns Inn. Local tradition affirms that Charles II., the Duke of York and Nell Gwynn had the habit of staying there on the way to Newmarket races, whence comes the further name of Nell Gwynn's House. Peter Cunningham, in his rather unsatisfactory book on Nell Gwynn, refers to her adventures in the matter of lodgings at Winchester, but is silent as to the Newmarket journeys. Whether it be true or not, the house has obviously been altered since that sprightly lady's day. The admirable canopy over the front door was probably added in 1692, the date which appears on the doorhead, and possibly the crown and, indeed, all the plaster decoration may be regarded as a memorial of Royal gaieties which after 1692 were never to return. The house has, moreover, another place in history, for it once belonged to Oliver Cromwell. Tradition is active in this delightful village, and says, among other things, that the Crown House before its inn days was a market-house. To return to the plaster-work, the ornament within the panels is peculiarly admirable. The upper panels are treated in a naive and naturalistic way, but with a pleasant stiffness of arrangement. The horizontal panels to the left of the doorhead include swags of great merit. Doubtless the panels now plain once formed part of the decorative scheme,



and obviously much ornament has been "restored" away. For what remains, however, all who are interested in such vernacular crafts as external plaster-work may well be entirely grateful.—LAWRENCE WEAVER, F.S.A.

LAND AGENCY AS A CAREER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The editor of the Coloniser has referred me to you for an answer to the following questions. I should be extremely obliged if you can see your way to answering them: 1. What is the usual premium asked for a pupil to an estate agent? 2. What is roughly the work required during the five years as pupil? 3. Who is the best agent or medium through which I can hear of openings for premium pupils? 4. What are the usual terms given to a premium pupil? 5. What sort of outfit do you deem advisable for such work? 6. Can you recommend any book or paper which would be of profit to one contemplating becoming a pupil to an estate agent? 7. What counties or county do you consider the better suited to start in for general requirements?—JAMES HARGREAVES.

[Presumably our correspondent desires to go into a professional land agent's business as opposed to a private agency on a single estate. 1. A matter of arrangement; £100 would be a usual amount per annum on large estates. Offices would, no doubt, charge in proportion to their position, highly if well known. 2. In an office. Land law and property law. The preparation of leases and agreements. Book-keeping and accounts generally. Surveying and auctioneering. Valuation of land, farms, crops, building sites, etc. Forestry, farming and building (especially repairs). Anything connected with land generally. 3. Various journals dealing with land continually have advertisements for premium pupils. There are several technical periodicals also. The big daily papers may also be consulted. 4. It is usually considered sufficient to allow the pupil to acquire knowledge, at any rate, for a year or two. Commission is, of course, given on any business introduced by a pupil. 5. If this is meant to include clothes, it depends on whether the business is situated in town or country. Particulars of this kind can best be obtained from the principals of the business selected. 6. There is nothing like practical experience. Various works can be consulted on the different branches of an agent's work, such as surveying, building, forestry, etc. 7. For a "professional" land agent's business it is, naturally, almost essential to be in or near a large town. Private agents are in every part of the country, and it is a matter for individual taste which county is selected. Very often the selection is guided by the greater prospects of work obtained through friends.—ED.]

BREED OF A "TERRIER."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think the dog "F. F." describes sounds very like a Shetland collie. They are a very rare breed now, and I have only seen two in Scotland. That was at Strathpeffer last summer. They are charming little dogs.—M. B. C.

FOOD FOR BIRD-TABLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you, or any of your readers, kindly tell me if cocoanut can be bad for tits? I am a great (though, alas! not a learned) lover of birds, and always provide meals for them. I have been told that in spite of the fact that tits so like cocoanut it injures their beaks, so as to render them useless, and in time, consequently, the poor little things die of starvation. Can this be true? Here we have a good many blue tits and great tits, as well as many other feathered friends, and I cannot bear the idea of offering any of them dainties that might injure them.—D. H., Richmond, Surrey.

[We have heard the statement made, but believe it to be groundless. Tits, especially great tits, eat a quantity of nuts—filberts and cobs—in their wild state. Over-indulgence in cocoanut sometimes disagrees with other birds, besides tits, in captivity; but that is a matter of digestion. We do not think you need scruple to continue your kindnesses.—ED.]